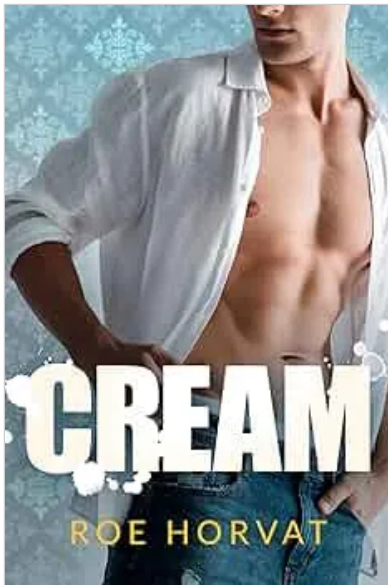




Cream

Author: *Roe Horvat*

Category: Romance

Description: For years, I've been hopelessly in love with an omega I'm not allowed to touch. I did what I could to purge my young assistant from my heart, except for the one thing which might have worked—firing him. Instead, I drown myself in work and meaningless hookups. Then one day, he casually mentions he's no longer engaged, and my world is upside down. My Jamie is single, and I have four days alone with him in a confined space.

Jamie

My boss swore off flying, so when he has a conference on the West Coast, we're taking a cross-country train instead. The comfy ride isn't a hassle—until my newly diagnosed hormonal imbalance flares up, and with it, my suppressed crush on my boss. I'm lactating like it's a competition, my libido bouncing all over the compact train car, and suddenly, Morton Hartley is the sexiest man on Earth. What if I go into heat stuck on a night train in the middle of nowhere?

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Cream is an MM omegaverse romance featuring a sudden heat and mpreg. HEA.

Total Pages (Source): 18

Page 1

Source Creation Date: July 30, 2025, 9:10 am

JAMIE

“Jamie!”

Since the door to my boss’s office was ajar, his shout cut through the hallways like an air horn. Our receptionist, who’d been leaning on my desk to pry the latest gossip from me, winced and backed out of the room.

“Jamie? Where the fuck are you?”

I rolled my eyes. “I’m coming!” I rounded my desk and ambled to the door. I knew my boss well enough to recognize it wasn’t a real emergency. He was probably looking for something he had right in front of his nose.

Pushing the door open, I found him pacing his top-floor corner office like a caged lion. I pasted on my loveliest smile.

“How can I help you, sir?”

Most people had only met the imposing, aloof Morton Hartley, the green-tech tycoon and most influential business figure in the city.

I flattered myself thinking I was the only one who ever saw this version of him—adorably flustered and distracted, grabbing his hair with both hands.

He stared at the mess on his desk with wild eyes.

“Where’s the damned report? It was right here! I just read the fucking thing. Where is it?”

I moved a gray folder that covered a stack of papers. “Here.”

“Dammit.” He snatched the papers and plonked into his chair, paging through the bundle. “You and your X-ray vision. It’s like you’re a cyborg or something.”

“If I were, I’d be doing your job, getting your salary, and you’d be my assistant. You’d be terrible at it. I’d fire you within a week.”

“Luckily, it’s the other way around. Now shush. I need to double-check something.”

Letting him read in silence, I shuffled around folders and printouts, mitigating the chaos he’d created while searching for the document.

Mr. Hartley could be impeccably organized, but sometimes, when stressed and frustrated, he’d get tunnel vision and miss the obvious.

He just needed someone to talk him off the ledge now and then.

The conference and the set of meetings on the West Coast were the most important events of the year, and with the upcoming elections, I couldn’t imagine the pressure he was facing.

He read, turned a page, huffed, and scribbled something into one of his many notebooks. He preferred pen and paper—he said it helped him think—and then he needed me to digitize his messy notes. I didn’t mind. I found his scribbles fascinating.

“What’s the time?” he asked, not lifting his gaze from the papers.

“Half past four.”

Another angry huff. “I’m not ready, Jamie. This will be a disaster.”

“It won’t. You’re always ready. Besides, you still have four days on the train to prepare.”

Four fucking days locked up in a train car.

Who would prefer ninety-six hours on a train, one way, to a six-hour flight?

Complete maniacs! And my boss. Six years ago, Mr. Hartley publicly vowed never to fly in a fossil-fuel-powered aircraft again.

He kept his word. He took a train everywhere he could, and he’d even freaking sailed to London and back once.

Luckily, that was before I started working for him—I would have strongly objected to those two weeks of seasickness.

He turned another page, frowning. “I should wrap up soon since we’re leaving early tomorrow.”

“I hope you don’t expect me to come to your place and pack your suitcase.” I was only half kidding. The last time we went to a conference, he forgot spare socks and underwear, and I had to run and buy them for him so he wouldn’t have to give a keynote speech commando.

He looked up and narrowed his eyes at me. “That fiancé of yours doesn’t spank you often enough.”

“We broke up a month ago,” I said brightly.

His expression froze. He gaped at me, looking completely bewildered. Poor man. It hadn’t been my intention to make him feel awkward. I hurried to change the subject.

“I’m sure HR would love to hear about your spanking suggestion. We could make it a thing. Weekly spankings every Monday. It might be the stress relief we all need.”

Mr. Hartley let out a tense laugh. “Smartass.” Shaking his head, he returned his attention to his papers. He reshuffled them as if he’d forgotten why he was holding them. His hair was sticking out in all directions, and his tie was askew. He looked cute when he was frazzled.

“It’s going to go great,” I told him quietly.

He gave the report a brisk nod. “The plan is brilliant, and the financing well thought through. I just have to convince a bunch of self-serving politicians to put their egos aside for one minute.”

“You’re a genius. It’s in everybody’s best interest to listen to you.”

Mr. Hartley sighed. “People are stupid, Jamie.”

I shrugged. “Some of them, maybe. You’re a misanthrope. Why are you trying to save the planet again? So all the stupid people can keep destroying it?”

He grabbed a pen and made another note while grumbling, “God complex, I guess.”

I chuckled. I loved my boss’s self-deprecating humor.

Mr. Hartley set the report aside and glanced up at me. “Sorry about the breakup

with... What was his name? Brian?”

“Liam. And thank you. It wasn’t meant to be.”

He looked as if he wanted to ask something else but remained quiet.

“I’m leaving in fifteen minutes, sir. Do you need anything else from me today?”

“You’re leaving already?”

“Yes. I told you on Tuesday. I have a doctor’s appointment. It’s on the calendar.”

His eyes widened. “Are you sick?”

I surely hoped not. “Just a regular checkup,” I lied. He didn’t need to know the juicy details. “I want to get it done before we leave for the West Coast.”

“Good. Then go.” He gestured toward the door. “Shoo. See you tomorrow.”

“See you tomorrow, sir. Nine thirty.”

“I’ll be there.”

The train left at nine forty-five, but it was always safer to give my boss some margin.

His ability to focus was legendary, but when he focused on saving the future of mankind, some things on the periphery slipped his notice.

He could easily forget about insignificant details like food, proper clothes, or clocks.

I’d call him in the morning to check on him.

At the omega health clinic, I faced a fatherly doctor.

“At least one in ten omegas has spontaneous lactation. Yours is more intense than average but not that uncommon. Had you lived in the previous century, you could have been a sought-after nanny,” he joked.

I smirked. I did work kind of as a nanny, except my charge was a grown-ass man who didn’t necessarily need nursing.

“It’s not dangerous?”

“No. I’ve run all the tests I could, and I can assure you that you’re healthy. There are some aspects of your hormonal discrepancy that you need to be aware of, though.”

“Such as?”

“Most omegas with your condition have an augmented libido and fertility in addition to the spontaneous lactation. The increased discharge of slick you’ve been experiencing is a part of that.

Your heats will be irregular and intense, with nearly one hundred percent chance of conception unless you use contraceptives. ”

“Will I have heats more often?”

“That’s hard to say. Your cycle will vary.”

“I have a demanding job, doctor. I need to have a modicum of control over my life.”

“When was your last?”

“Seven months ago. It was strong, but I used an intrauterine contraceptive.”

“The quick test shows no signs of an upcoming heat yet. I’ve sent your bloodwork to another lab that could give us a more accurate prediction. We should have the results in a few days. I’ll email you the report when it arrives.”

“Thank you.”

“I’ll also send you some links to reliable sources about your condition, and we can do a regular checkup every three months.

It’s good to trace your cycle—like you said, you need a modicum of control over your life.

If we monitor your hormonal levels, we can, with time, predict your heats accurately.
”

“That would be great.”

“About the discomfort you’re experiencing. There are some techniques lactating omegas use to find relief.”

I perked up. “Yes, please. The pressure in my pectorals gets painful. Massages under a warm shower help, but I can’t spend an hour in the bathroom twice every day.”

“I understand. See, some omegas learn various, um, milking techniques. There are videos online about that sort of thing. But as you say, it’s strenuous and time-consuming. You can ask a sexual partner to relieve you.”

I blinked. “Like... suck it out?”

The doctor flashed me a mischievous look. “I hear it’s a pleasant practice.”

“I’m currently single,” I admitted, shifting in my chair. The idea of letting an alpha suck the milk from my pecs during sex was a little disturbing. But intriguing too.

“There are devices you can use. Check out the pharmacy downstairs. They’re specialized in reproductive health.”

I left the clinic in a significantly better mood.

That morning, I had been worrying about some mysterious illness, but there was nothing wrong with me.

In the past, my condition was even considered desirable since my body was made to get pregnant as often as possible and nurse a heap of kids.

Nature missed their opportunity with me, though, because with my career, I barely had time for a relationship, let alone kids.

Liam had demanded I quit. I’d refused. So, here I was—a twenty-three-year-old omega with an overly slick hole, a greedy womb, and tits full of milk. Ripe but single.

I could get maudlin about it, or I could enjoy the perks.

After a quick detour to the pharmacy, I took a cab to my apartment and began sorting through what I’d need during the upcoming couple of weeks.

Suits, shirts, ties, and other business apparel were a given.

Even though it was a work trip, I wanted to have fun too.

I threw in my favorite lingerie set and a couple of my prettiest jock straps.

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It'd been some time since I'd gotten laid.

While I put my vibrator to good use, I hadn't dated since Liam.

Maybe on the West Coast, so close to the wilderness, I could stumble upon a horny bear shifter with a girthy dick.

If my boss let me out of his sight for five minutes...

My hot, adorably quirky, alpha boss, whom I did not have a crush on because I wasn't stupid.

Sigh . Not a crush, nope, but I had eyes and a nose, and Morton Hartley looked and smelled like a snack. I had this talk with myself on a weekly basis. No flirting with Mr. Hartley. I liked my job, and I wasn't risking it.

He'd looked so cute earlier when he was frazzled. I could have crawled under the desk and given him a decompressing blowjob. Yum .

What did the doctor say? Increased libido? Check that box.

I threw underwear pads for excess slickness into the suitcase, then I added the little circular ones that would go into my undershirt for long business meetings. I didn't want to start leaking milk in front of a roomful of executives.

With the suitcase almost full, I perused my bedroom. It seemed I had everything. My laptop bag was ready with all the necessary documents and electronics. I'd pack the

bathroom kit in the morning.

Satisfied that I was done so quickly, I hopped on the bed. Time to treat myself.

The discreet white box was a hassle to open.

When I finally broke through the seals, I found a cream velvet tote inside.

I shook out the contents onto the bed: a cable to plug the device into electricity, a plastic tote with a few sets of silicone cups, two small bottles with a screw-on lid, an extra charger, and... bingo! My little toy.

I'd seen a video of an omega using it, so I didn't have to read the manual.

I plugged the device in and set it on the bed beside me.

It was smaller than a can of soda. I screwed a bottle to one end.

The two tubes already had suction cups attached.

I unwrapped the protective film and fingered the texture. So soft.

Then I clicked the button.

The machine buzzed to life. With wonder, I put one finger to the mouth of one suction cup.

Oh hell. The pull was distinct.

I couldn't wait.

I dragged my T-shirt over my head and eyed my pectorals. My nipples were tight, the mounds under them swollen and hard. My pecs had grown bigger over the past few months. It looked hot, but it had gotten really uncomfortable.

Taking a deep breath, I pressed the suction cup to my nipple.

“Aah!”

The feeling was electric. After a few pulses, my nipple softened and got dragged into the cup. When I let go, the cup remained attached. It pulled rhythmically, making my pec tingle. I hurried to attach the other cup.

I held both suction cups to my nipples and closed my eyes. The relief was indescribable. I’d only experienced a proper milk letdown when my pecs got so swollen they hurt and I had to knead them under warm water. This was something else.

Having something sucking my nipples, both at the same time, was delightful . The milk started to flow in small spurts. My chest heaving, I breathed through the onslaught of sensations.

Tendrils of pleasure swirled around in my pectorals as the machine sucked with long, regular pulls, drawing my nipples deeper into the cups.

I felt the liquid leaving the tips, the flow getting stronger.

I glanced down and gasped at the sight. My nipples looked huge.

The transparent silicone surrounding them must make them look bigger.

White milk streamed through the tubes. I turned the knob on the machine to increase

the intensity.

The burst of pleasure was amazing.

“Fuck!”

My eyes rolled back into my head, and I moaned. This was so damned arousing! I was wet between my ass cheeks.

Without consciously deciding to do it, my hand wrapped around my cock and started to stroke.

Hell yeah.

The machine buzzed, sucking rhythmically. I fumbled for the device and turned the knob again.

“Oh God!”

My cries and moans echoed in the empty bedroom.

I hadn't intended to turn this into a masturbatory session, but I was helpless against the exhilarating arousal. I spread my legs and found my slick rim. Then I crammed two fingers into my hole.

It was too little. Next time I used the milking machine, I'd have a dildo ready. Because this was heaven! Increased libido? More like a sexual frenzy.

Swearing and groaning, I came all over myself.

My pecs felt softer, and I slowly turned the intensity down.

Just lying there and panting, I focused on the sucking, basking in an afterglow I'd never experienced by myself.

It felt so very, very nice. Then I remembered the doctor said I shouldn't overdo it, or I'd lactate even more.

Reluctantly, I turned the thing off. The milk bottle was almost full. Wow .

The suction cups fell away, and I checked my nipples.

"Shit."

They were elongated and puffy. I poked at them with my fingertips. Tender. Smearing drops of milk around them like lotion, I massaged them, watching as they slowly shrank to almost normal. When I pinched them, a flare of pleasure reminded me of the lovely orgasm.

Yep. I'd be doing this again soon.

In the shower, I palmed my pecs. They were blissfully empty, the tension gone. Perfect.

I cleaned the machine, put it back into the tote, and packed it in my luggage along with my favorite vibrator.

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Source Creation Date: July 30, 2025, 9:10 am

MORTON

Blue-green eyes blinked at me, feather-soft lashes fluttering, full pink lips puckered up... His skin was light, like rich cream, with a delicious blush covering his cheeks.

Jamie.

He teased his nipples with his fingertips as he took my dick inside him and stared at me with untamed lust in his beautiful face. A yellow light coming from the side made the softest hairs on his cheeks glimmer.

I bucked. The tingle in my knot spread up my shaft and burst into waves of pleasure.

The orgasm was short. I felt like a teen when I used my boxers from last night to catch my cum.

I dropped them on the floor and lay on my bed, staring at the ceiling.

Jamie was single. The realization threw my perfectly organized life upside down.

I hadn't been able to think about anything else since yesterday afternoon when he so casually dropped the bomb.

I'd called off a hookup I had planned to let off steam.

Instead, I spent the night dreaming about my assistant.

They broke up a fucking month ago! Argh!

Not that it changed anything.

With a groan, I rolled off the bed.

I began sorting the mess of clothes on the floor. My luggage stood ready by the door, but the bedroom looked like a tornado had been through it. My poor housekeeper shouldn't have to pick up dirty socks and cum-stained underwear.

My phone rang just as I was about to step into the shower. I winced when I saw the caller ID.

With a sigh, I answered the call. "Morning, Gary. I have a train to catch. What do you need?"

"I'm good, thank you for asking. I got worried when you canceled on me so abruptly yesterday."

I canceled on Gary because... Jamie was single. Which didn't make any sense! Just because he was suddenly free didn't mean he would ever consider dating his own damned boss.

I'd spent months, years, lusting after my much younger assistant.

When he'd gotten engaged, I decided enough was enough.

I'd actively worked on erasing him from my system.

Gary had been a part of the plan—as my casual, willing fuck buddy.

And just when Jamie brazenly mentioned his breakup, Gary decided to get clingy.

I dragged my hand down my face. “Gary...”

“You’re going to burn out, Morton. You need someone to take care of you.”

Jamie takes care of me . “I’m in a hurry this morning.”

“How long will you be gone?” The needy whine in Gary’s tone was more annoying than ever.

I stretched my back and eyed the vanity. I’d forgotten to pack my toiletries. “Two weeks,” I mumbled.

I began throwing random things into a bag. Toothbrush and toothpaste. Anything else was a bonus, right?

“I’m going to miss you.”

Razor. Comb. Shaving cream. “I’m sure you’ll find a pleasant distraction.”

“I will.” His voice held a challenge. “Alain has been chasing me to go out with him again. He’s back in town.”

Was Gary trying to make me jealous?

“I hope you’ll have fun.”

“Morton, I’m not enjoying our casual arrangement as much as I thought I would.”

Not now, dammit! I’d just told him I was in a hurry, and he wanted to discuss our

relationship.

“Well. I’m sorry to hear that. Take these weeks to think it through, and we’ll talk when I get back.”

“We’re good together, Morton. The sex is amazing, and we’re compatible in other ways as well. In the beginning, I enjoyed the freedom you gave me, but lately, I realized I only fucked around to make you jealous.”

Shit.

“And I know you haven’t touched anyone but me for months,” he added. “Why is that, hm?”

Because I don’t have the time to date! And now Jamie...

“Gary, please, not now.”

“You don’t have to worry about our schedules because I’m willing to compromise. You’re worth it for me.”

“I have twenty minutes to leave the house. Can we do this when I get back?”

“It takes one second to say yes, darling.”

I heaved a sigh. There went my easy lay. “I think you should take Alain up on his offer. I’m not ready to commit.”

The phone was silent for a heartbeat. “I’m tired of waiting around for you to grow up.”

Growing up wasn't an issue, and I wasn't commitment-phobic. But Jamie was single now; he wasn't going to marry Brian or Liam, and I... Was I a hopeless fool?

"I'm sorry."

"You will be," Gary said ominously and ended the call.

The interaction with Gary left a sour taste in my mouth. Why did he have to push? He wasn't in love with me. Gary wasn't the romantic type at all. That was one of the things I liked about him. I didn't have to worry about hurting him.

Except I'd underestimated his ambition. He'd made a calculation and was pleased with the prospect. He deemed me a suitable match, but then I went and ruined his plan. Of course he was pissed, on top of being humiliated.

It was for the best. I'd been ignoring Gary's annoying traits because I needed a regular outlet for my sexual frustration. Maybe he was right. Maybe I should grow up and start dating people seriously.

But who would want to have a meaningful relationship with a nutcase like me? I was hung up on a guy twenty years my junior, whom I spent hours with on a daily basis. I was basically married to Jamie already, except I wasn't allowed to touch him.

He was my employee, too young for me, and not interested. I wouldn't put him in an awkward position or even endanger his livelihood by propositioning him. He didn't deserve that.

I should have fired him. Wiped him out of my life for good.

I should have done that during those first few months. God, he'd been only twenty then, and I'd jerked off in the office bathroom to fantasies of him bent over my desk.

I'd felt like the most disgusting creep who'd ever crept.

And I'd only gotten worse since, hadn't I?

As soon as I saw him, the now familiar longing swelled in my chest. He stood on the train station platform, craning his neck. He was looking for me. His face brightened with a sweet smile as he spotted me. He waved.

Was there anyone in the entire wide world more beautiful?

He had this soft, fragile quality about him that made me want to wrap him in a blanket and hold him tight.

Then he would give me a mischievous smile, a dimple in his cheek deepening, his large turquoise eyes sparkling, and the alpha in me wanted to bend him over a desk, slap my hand over his sexy mouth, and fuck him so deep his stomach would bulge.

"Mr. Hartley, you're almost on time."

"Almost?"

"It's nine thirty-two."

"The train is still here."

"Because it leaves at nine forty-five."

I narrowed my eyes at him. "You said nine thirty."

He blinked innocently. "Did I? I must have misspoken."

A porter jumped to grab our luggage. I'd booked an entire car, the last one on the train, so we'd have privacy.

It had two bedrooms, two en suite bathrooms, and a compact coupé in the front that we'd use as an office.

I climbed the steep stairs behind Jamie, not staring at his ass in his thin slacks.

"This is cozy," he said as he looked around the front coupé.

"I believe the bedrooms are back there."

Jamie peeked through one of the open doors. "I call dibs on this one."

My lips twitched with a smile. I loved how easy and playful he was with me. Jamie had always been impeccably professional when the situation required it. He was also warm and kind and kept me on my toes with his sharp wit.

Finding another Gary wouldn't help. I needed someone I'd actually like. I'd been comparing everyone I'd met with Jamie, and they fell short.

He frowned at me. "I mean, you can have it. You're the boss."

I shook myself mentally. I'd been staring at him again. "I believe the bedrooms are identical, just mirrored."

"Okay."

Jamie tilted his head to the side, scrutinizing me. "Are you alright, Mr. Hartley?"

"Yes. Sorry. I guess I didn't sleep well."

“You can take a nap. We’re stuck in here for four days anyway.”

“I might do that later. We have work to do. I’ll meet you here in twenty minutes.”

He gave me a brisk nod and a military salute. “Yes, sir.”

I’d be holed up in here with him for four days.

Lord, have mercy.

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Source Creation Date: July 30, 2025, 9:10 am

JAMIE

Mr. Hartley hadn't shaved this morning, likely because he'd been running late. The stubble suited him fiercely; I had trouble focusing on work.

I caught myself staring at the contour of his jaw where the scruff darkened. He scratched under his ear absentmindedly. Now I was transfixed by his hand. He had such nice, strong hands.

Thick, long fingers.

My asshole clenched on instinct, and a stubborn ache grew in my pecs.

Was it possible that knowing I was supposed to be horny made me even hornier?

I looked away and shifted in my chair.

Mr. Hartley hummed, tapped on his tablet, and hummed again.

My heart was pounding faster. I could smell him more sharply than ever. Goddammit, the coupé was tiny. There seemed to be no air!

"You're fidgeting," he said, not looking up from his tablet. "Do you need a break?"

Yes. But I'm stuck here with you for days.

"Um. Thank you. I'll be right back."

“Take your time.”

“You have an online meeting in seven minutes.”

“I’m aware.”

“Right. Good.”

I shot up and strode to the bedroom that was mine for the ride. It was snug, with barely enough room to walk around the queen-sized bed. I squeezed past the corner and closed myself in the en suite bathroom. The train rattled, and I braced my hand against the wall.

I didn’t need to use the toilet. A cold shower would have been great, but I didn’t have time for that.

I unbuttoned my shirt and checked my pectorals.

Swollen and heavy. It was getting worse, dammit.

Did I overdo it last night and this morning with the milking machine? I must have, but it had felt so nice.

I buttoned up again. I didn’t dare to touch my nipples, worried that the tiniest stimulation would cause a letdown. I’d have to wait until the evening to milk myself again. My hole got wet just thinking about it.

My large toiletry bag hung on a hook by the mirror. I pulled out one pad and unwrapped it, then carefully taped it into my underwear. Better safe than sorry.

When I returned to the coupé we used as an office, Mr. Hartley had prepared water

glasses and two cups of coffee.

“Thank you so much, sir. This should be my job, you know.”

“You’re not my butler.” He patted the seat next to him. “You need to be able to see the screen.”

I sat down by his side, and a strong whiff of his scent punched me in the nose. I bit my lip and shivered. He smelled even better than usual. This would be a long afternoon.

Good thing I was wearing a slick pad.

I couldn’t wait for the workday to be over.

After two more meetings disrupted by an unstable connection—hello, trains—we wrapped up for the day.

We ate a quick dinner in the dining car, and I excused myself as soon as I could.

Everything on the train was crammed, and we’d been plastered to each other for the entire day.

Never had spending time in Mr. Hartley’s immediate proximity made my body burn on the inside this much.

Finally alone, I stripped naked, took a warm shower, and lay on the bed with the milking machine attached. It buzzed, and I went into heaven.

I used a stronger setting from the start, and I could feel each pull in my cock and hole.

The powerful suction reached deep into my pecs, making me arch into the feeling and spread my legs on instinct.

I closed my eyes and moaned. I wanted the exhilarating arousal to last as long as possible.

I was so into this. Who would have thought that I'd be a slut for milking of all things?

My body was angled in such a way that anyone who might walk in would get a full view. I'd locked the door... but what if I hadn't?

What if Mr. Hartley walked in right now?

My cock jerked, and my hole twitched when I imagined him striding in. He'd look me over and unzip his pants. Without a single question, he'd mount me like this and fuck me ... The power of his thrusts would make the suction cups on my nipples jerk.

I gripped the silicone cups and moved them around. The tug got almost painful. Almost. They remained attached, my nipples deep inside them.

Fuck, I needed to come.

I let go of the cups and ran my hands down my body, then reached for the vibrator lying on the bed next to me.

Merely tickling my cock with one hand, I traced my rim with the blunt head of the vibrator.

I was so aroused by the milking I'd come as soon as I put it in me.

But maybe I could make myself come twice? Take the edge off and keep going...

I pressed the toy against my rim, and it surged inside me on a wave of sweet pleasure. Shameless, I imagined Mr. Hartley doing this to me. He'd hold the toy in his lovely hand and ram it in, smirking down at me. I bit back a cry.

The train zoomed through the darkness, the wheels on rails serenading me. The walls were thin, but I wouldn't be overheard over the noise of the speeding train. I hoped.

The last thing I wanted was for Mr. Hartley to hear me come. I could fantasize about him—as long as he never knew about it.

Pushing the toy in and out, I turned my head and bit the pillow. My climax was building already. I cupped my cockhead just in time to catch my cum in my palm. I licked my hand, then turned the milking machine up a notch.

Oh, hell yeah.

I pushed the vibrator deeper and turned it on. My imaginary Mr. Hartley said something about coming deep inside me.

Holy shit.

This time, I didn't manage to hold back a yell. The orgasm rose again immediately.

It was scary and absolutely magical.

Pushing the toy as deep as it would go, I writhed on the bed. When did my climax become a seizure? I was shaking and sobbing while my hole clenched on the toy in a staccato rhythm and my nipples throbbed.

The way my body reacted freaked me the fuck out.

Gasping for air, I pulled out the toy, fumbled for the milking machine, and turned the intensity down.

Sprawled on the bed, I tried to calm my breathing. This was nuts.

How could I make myself come so hard and so fast twice in a row? The last time I'd felt this unhinged was when Liam bred me during my heat. I'd been on contraceptives, and we'd only done it once. The searing pleasure had all but blown my head off.

My torso still prickled, and my cock tingled. My hole felt empty even as tendrils of remaining pleasure swirled around it. I wanted more—I needed more. The machine sucked, my milk flowed, and my cock drooled on my abdomen, still hard.

I spread my legs wider and reached for the dildo again. I started the cycle again, weak this time, and slowly pushed it in. Carefully. Inch by inch.

Oh yeah. That ' s better.

Deeper. A little deeper.

“Fuuuck!”

The vibrating head nudged something deep inside me, and I arched on the bed. Ecstasy swallowed me whole. On instinct, I pushed against the base of the toy, feeding my pleasure. My nipples burst with an orgasm of their own on every suck.

“I know what you need, Jamie. I'll fuck you deep. So deep, you'll feel me in your womb. I'll breed you good. You need that, little slut. I'll knock you up, milk you hard, and fuck your mouth. You'll be full of my cum.”

The fantasy became so real I could almost feel it. I could taste the salt of alpha cum on my tongue.

It was the vibrating head of the dildo against the mouth to my womb. In combination with the suction on my nipples, it caused a climax so intense it all but fried my nerve endings.

I must have been coming for ages before a cramp in my arm made me let go of the toy. It slid out of me on a river of slick. The milking machine turned itself off. The bottle was full. The suction cups fell off my chest, leaving my wet, swollen nipples exposed to cool air. Shit, they looked huge!

My rapid pulse thundered in my ears as I slumped on the bed.

I'd been loud, hadn't I?

The train made a series of clickety sounds as it must have passed over a railway crossing, then returned to the steady whooshing.

My chest heaved with ragged breaths, and I listened to the faint creaks and squeaks of the train hurtling through the night. Everything else seemed quiet. Hopefully, Mr. Hartley was asleep.

Then a loud thump made me stiffen. A click. Another. Steps sounded from behind the thin wall.

He was awake.

Fuck.

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MORTON

At first, I thought it was my imagination. One could hear all kinds of noises woven into the racket the train was making. But when I sat up and listened, I heard it clearly.

A cry came from behind the wall. I shot up on the bed, putting my laptop aside. What was happening? Did Jamie hurt himself?

I was ready to bolt to his bedroom when another cry made me pause.

That didn't sound like pain. It was... rhythmical.

“Ah. Ah. Aah!”

Just like that, my dick was throbbing in my pajama pants.

“Aaah. Augh. Aaah. Aaaah!”

Without thinking, I jammed my hand into my pants, fisted my cock, and gave it a few rough strokes.

The moaning continued, sometimes muffled but rising in intensity.

What was he doing?

My brain went to a porn scene I'd seen recently.

An omega stood in a shower stall, a dildo stuck to the tiles.

He pushed his ass out and fucked himself on the toy, his hands sliding down the walls as he moaned and writhed.

Except now the porn star had Jamie's face and his dainty hands.

He thrust harder, taking the humongous flesh-colored toy so deep it distorted his belly from the inside.

He yelled with pleasure while his cute little cock released an arch of cum. It splattered on the tiles.

Jamie's voice broke. His drawn-out sob announced one hell of an orgasm.

“Oh God! Oh God, yes! Yes! Yes! Aaaaah!”

My hand flew up and down my dick as Jamie's voice crested. He was nearly sobbing. Was he coming for that entire time? Fucking hell! What would I have given to see that?

The sounds died down. The Jamie in my fantasy panted with exhaustion as he crumbled onto the shower stall floor. I stood above him and streaked his skin with my cum. He lifted his head and opened his mouth just in time for it to splash across his face.

In reality, I came into my hands, biting back my groan.

Jamie's bedroom was silent now. I listened for a while longer. Then I stood and shuffled to the tiny bathroom.

Well, damn.

It sounded like he was having fun. Did he want me to hear?

But no. Jamie had always been professional. Too professional. I wouldn't have minded a little flirting. In fact, I'd have jumped at the opportunity. Yet Jamie had never given me a reason to think my advances would be welcome.

I didn't want to lose him.

How would I even go about it? Should I knock on his bedroom and ask if he needed an extra hand? I snorted at myself.

I'd better go to sleep. We were working tomorrow.

We ate breakfast in the restaurant car. Jamie sat facing me at the compact table, drinking coffee and scrolling on his phone. The rising sun lit up his lovely features, making his complexion glow. He took a sip of his drink and set the cup on the table, unaware of my scrutiny.

He wore a pristine baby-blue dress shirt, and in the morning light, it seemed to hug his body in an almost indecent way.

Actually, he looked professional and proper, but my thoughts about him were increasingly indecent.

My gaze lingered on his chest, where the contour of his nipple pressed against the fabric.

The nub looked big and firm, distinct on his slim torso. Frowning at his phone, Jamie rolled his shoulder, unconsciously pushing his chest out. The curve of his pec with

the large nipple got even more pronounced. My mouth watered.

I imagined him naked with his back arched and arms spread. His hard nipples would stick out, and I'd wrap my lips around one, sucking and nibbling on it, until he'd beg me to fuck him...

How come I'd never noticed how full his pecs seemed? They looked so erotic. Had they grown bigger lately? How was that possible? He hadn't gained weight anywhere else.

"The weather should be nice when we arrive," Jamie said, eyes on his screen. "Of course, the forecast could change. Have you finished eating? We should head back."

I needed a cold shower and compression underwear.

"I'm done. Let's go."

I let Jamie go first through the narrow aisle between the seats and immediately regretted it. The sight of his perfect ass in his slacks wasn't helping my situation. I pinned my gaze to his nape and gritted my teeth.

Just because he's suddenly single doesn't mean you can harass him. Get your shit together!

The hair on his nape was short and looked soft. How would it feel to run my fingers through it?

The train changed speed, and I wobbled. Miscalculating my next step, I stabbed my little toe. A sharp pain shot up my leg. I grunted and stumbled, swallowing a curse.

Jamie spun around and gripped my biceps, steadying me.

“Are you okay?”

Scrunching up my face, I breathed through the pain.

“I’m fine.”

Jamie studied me with a worried frown on his lovely face. “Did you just break your toe?”

I chuckled helplessly. “No. I’m good. Move along.”

With a sigh, Jamie turned and continued down the aisle to the sliding door at the end of the restaurant car. I limped after him.

The pain was fading already, but it had done its job. It cleared my head—for a moment, at least.

Then we sat down to work, and Jamie’s scent filled the coupé. We had three days left in here. It would be the longest three days of my life.

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JAMIE

This was torture. Mr. Hartley was so hot in his dress shirt with the top buttons open and sleeves rolled up. He hadn't shaved this morning either, and his growing stubble called to me. I wanted to fucking lick it, feel the scrape of it against my lips and tongue...

After lunch, I'd felt the telltale pressure in my chest intensify and had to take precautions.

Now my nipples ached with those stupid pads on them.

I must have overdone the milking because my pecs filled out faster and heavier than the day before.

And my stupid body perceived the tingling in them as something sexual.

I was so horny it wasn't funny.

In the state I was in, probably anyone would do, and I was stuck with my boss for three more days.

Who was I kidding? I'd always found Mr. Hartley hot. Now, he was irresistible.

I stared at his Adam's apple. I wanted to suck on it.

Suddenly, Mr. Hartley stood and opened the window.

“I need air,” he muttered.

A cold breeze swept through the coupé, sending papers aflutter.

“Oh, sorry.”

We both fumbled to catch the printouts, our hands touching. I pulled back as if he had burned me. He collected the papers and put them into a folder.

“You can take the rest of the day off, Jamie.”

“It’s half past five already.”

He glanced at me, his eyebrows scrunched together. “I’m sorry. I lost track of time. Please, go. Be free.”

I smiled. “We’re on a train. Not like I have anything else to do than work.”

“Have you been to the skyline car? It’s going to be pretty during sunset. Have a few drinks and put them on my tab. Shoo. Go.”

“Are you trying to get rid of me?” I joked.

I should be running away from him, but now that he’d ordered me to leave, I didn’t want to.

He gave me a soft, self-deprecating smile. “I’m trying to keep you from hating me.”

God, he was so cute when he smiled like that. And his shoulders in that shirt... That stubble...

“All right. I’m going. But if I get drunk on twenty-dollar cocktails at the skyline car, you only have yourself to blame.”

“I take full responsibility. Knock yourself out.”

I backed toward the narrow hallway. “Call me if you need anything.”

“I won’t. Thank you, Jamie.”

“Okay.”

Nodding awkwardly, I finally tore myself away.

The skyline car was indeed lovely. I’d downloaded a book on my phone, but I’d only read a few pages.

Instead, I sipped an overpriced margarita and gazed at the sunset over the mountains.

The train passed through a wide valley along a meandering river, and the colors of the evening reflected in the water.

The natural spectacle briefly distracted me from my predicament, but as the night fell, my thoughts circled back to Mr. Hartley, the way he’d smelled today, and how much I’d wanted to run my nails through the stubble on his jaw.

My pecs tingled, and my hole felt loose. I’d better not have another drink. I briefly imagined stumbling into Mr. Hartley’s bedroom, drunk off my ass, demanding he suck my tits.

Nope. Not drinking.

Oh Lord, I needed to milk myself dry. The pads in my undershirt chafed my straining nipples.

After dinner—a pasta salad that I had barely finished—I hurried back to my room. I took a shower, brushed my teeth, and with my hair still wet, I settled on the bed. The milking machine and vibrator were fully charged.

This time, I used a clean undershirt as a gag. I crumpled a part of it into a ball and stuffed it into my mouth.

I didn't have the patience to go slow. As soon as I had the suction cups attached, I shoved the vibrator into me to the hilt and pressed it against the mouth to my womb. The pleasure was immediate and devastating.

My head emptied, and I writhed, coming in waves. My groans were hopefully muffled by the gag.

I didn't stop until I started shaking and twitching all over and lost my grip on the vibrator. My pulsating ass expelled it, and I bowed off the bed with one last jolt of ecstasy, biting into the soaked cotton stuffed in my mouth.

Covered with sweat, I slumped on the bed.

I spat the gag out and took stock. The towel I'd spread under my ass was soaked with slick.

The skin on my torso and thighs felt cool where it was smeared with cum and milk.

The silicone cups were nowhere to be seen.

They must have fallen off. The machine was quiet; the bottle attached to it looked

full.

I gasped when I glimpsed the state of my chest. My pecs were soft, and my nipples stuck out, dark red and crudely enlarged.

White milk was still pearling at the tips.

Despite the chain of brain-melting orgasms, I felt vaguely aroused anew at the sight of what could only be described as teats .

I fondled my half-hard cock as I smeared the milk around my huge, oversensitive nipples. Why did I like that? I imagined someone, anyone, or maybe Mr. Hartley, sucking the big teat into his mouth, and I shivered. This was getting out of hand.

I'd never been this horny. Had the hormonal imbalance made me... hypersexual? That was the term, right? People who could never get enough. Had I turned into one of them?

I grew afraid. Seriously scared.

This wasn't normal. I'd been masturbating morning and evening three days in a row, going through multiple orgasms every time, and I still felt a niggling ache deep in my core.

And the machine was making me lactate more and more.

My hormones were all over the place; I was lusting after my boss, goddammit! I'd even imagined him breeding me.

I was out of control.

My hands shook as I cleaned the sex toy and rinsed the milking machine. I took a cold shower.

Curled up on the bed, I stared at the landscape behind the window. The moon was nearly full, outshining the stars, and the contours of a black forest passed by. Endless rows of trees, with no man-made lights anywhere in sight.

I came up with a plan. I would set a timer and only milk myself for the shortest possible time to get relief.

I wouldn't use the vibrator anymore, only my fingers.

One orgasm and done. I needed to regain control of my hormone-laden body.

And I'd book another appointment with the doctor.

If he didn't know what to do with me, he could refer me to a specialist. There were sex experts out there, right?

Satisfied that I had something akin to a plan, I closed my eyes. I kept returning to Mr. Hartley in my mind, but my thoughts got tangled and blurry. The gentle rocking of the train car eventually lulled me to sleep.

I woke up gasping for air. Had I dreamed something scary? Was I sick?

My abdomen and lower back ached, my pecs throbbed, and my cock was hard.

I blinked into the darkness, disoriented.

What were those strange buzzing and swooshing sounds?

The train. I was on a train with Mr. Hartley.

I sat up.

Wetness leaked out of my hole, soaking my pajamas.

What the fuck?

I'd overdone it. I'd been so stupid. I'd been masturbating like it was a competition, and now I'd turned myself into a sex-crazed nympho.

Except the ache in my lower back felt familiar.

I kicked the blanket off me. I was hot all over. I fumbled for the water glass I'd left on my nightstand and chugged it.

The cold drink must have brought my brain back online because, suddenly, the puzzle pieces slotted together.

I wasn't a crazy nympho.

It was heat.

I was going into heat.

Now?

Here?

Oh my fucking God!

I was screwed.

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MORTON

In the middle of the night, I heard him again, just a soft moan.

I sat up on the bed. Black shadows flew by the window as the train rushed through the endless forests.

I hit the light switch, and pale light filled the bedroom.

My reflection in the double-layered glass window was a little blurry.

I looked the way I felt: confused, harried, a mess. My hair stuck out in all directions.

Oh, Jamie. How could I work with him so close to me day in and day out? Was he touching himself again? It might make me a pervert, but I couldn't wait to hear his ecstatic cries. I palmed my dick through my pajama pants.

Another moan came through the thin wall, except this one didn't sound like pleasure. It was more like a sob. I strained to listen.

What the hell? Someone seemed to be weeping right outside the door.

Wearing only my pajama pants, I scrambled off the bed. I burst out of the bedroom and froze.

Jamie sat on the bench in the front coupé, feet up, curled into a ball. Hugging his knees, he hid his face between them. He let out a whimper. A weak night light cast a

yellow sheen on his huddling figure.

“Jamie?”

Slowly, he lifted his face. His eyes were swollen, his cheeks blotchy, and his chin trembled.

“What’s going on?”

He didn’t reply. He just gawked at me as more tears streamed down his cheeks. I’d never known a pain like this. Seeing him cry terrified me on a visceral level.

On instinct, I fell to my knees before him and reached out to hug him. I stopped myself at the last second.

And I inhaled, as one does.

His scent burned through my airways, and I tasted it on my tongue. My mouth flooded with saliva, and my stomach clenched with a hunger no amount of food could ever satisfy.

I knew before he said it.

“I’m going into heat.” Jamie hiccuped and wiped his eyes. “I’m sorry.”

Gaping, I stared at his tear-stained face. His pheromones were already raging through my system. He smelled like paradise... the kind where gods and fairies held orgies. My cock responded immediately, tenting my pajamas as it strained toward him.

Jamie was going into heat.

On a night train in a two-bedroom carriage. Stuck. With me.

I had nothing.

Zero.

“I’m sorry. I didn’t know.” His voice broke, and he continued in a whisper. “My heats are irregular, but I didn’t know. This is way too soon. I really had no idea. Really.”

Sniffing, he rocked back and forth.

“I’m so sorry, Mr. Hartley. It’s starting to hurt, and I don’t know what to do.”

He shuddered and wiped his cheeks. The tears kept coming.

I knelt there like a statue, my hands trembling in midair.

“I didn’t mean for this to happen.” His expression crumbled into a painful grimace.

Oh Lord.

The sight of him and the sound of his broken voice hurt like a fucking fist squeezing my heart.

“Please, don’t cry.”

He let out a broken laugh. And I felt like an idiot, telling him not to cry. What was he supposed to do?

“Jamie, I...” I cupped his shoulders and stroked up and down his arms. Up again. To

his neck. Until I held his cheek.

His red-rimmed eyes widened as he stared at me.

I brushed the corner of his lips with my thumb.

What the fuck was I doing? He was at his most vulnerable. He didn't have any options. Not out here.

He was stuck with me, and I would take advantage of that? What was wrong with me?

The fist holding my heart squeezed again.

"Don't cry, baby," I murmured.

Jamie held my gaze. His lips parted. Then he slowly blinked, and his gaze dropped to my mouth.

We were both thinking the same thing. The solution was obvious. Did he want me? Would he have wanted me if he'd had a choice?

"Jamie..."

I wanted to ask. I was about to. But before I could, he launched himself at me.

His mouth collided with mine, and he locked his arms around my neck. The kisses were wild, all teeth and sucking lips, and I couldn't get enough. He tasted of salt, of his tears, but he wasn't crying anymore. He was kissing me with all his might.

I grabbed him by his ass and pulled him into my lap until he straddled me on the

floor. He ground down on my hard dick and sucked on my tongue.

His pajama pants were wet, soaked through with slick. I grasped his waistband and tugged, but I couldn't get them off in this position. Jamie bucked, moaning into my mouth.

"Please!" he cried.

"Off. Need these off. And bed."

He scrambled up and tore his T-shirt over his head. Swaying, he almost fell before I caught him around his waist. Kneeling at his feet, I nuzzled his belly as I dragged his pajama pants down his legs.

I had him naked in my arms, smelling of heat, and it occurred to me his slick and cum would taste like melted butter and cream. I'd lick him all over.

His cock was hard, curving up, slender but long for an omega. Bigger than I'd imagined. I sucked it into my mouth, and it nudged my throat.

Jamie cried out and tugged on my hair.

"Need you... in my hole..."

I shot up and pushed him to my bedroom. The door was ajar. We stumbled through it, and Jamie fell backward on the bed. He scooted toward the headboard and spread his legs.

I took a second to admire his splayed body.

He had gorgeous nipples, large and dark, his pecs full, and I immediately imagined

sucking them. But Jamie grabbed his legs under his knees and folded himself in half, exposing his crease.

Sweet heaven. Smooth, pale, baby pink, youthful. He had the ass of a porn star. The rim was glistening in the bright light.

“Please!”

His urgent cry spurred me into action. I’d taste him later.

Leaving my pajama pants on the floor, I crawled on the bed until my cock kissed his opening.

“It hurts. Please, Mr. Hartley.”

He called me that .

Why did that make my dick throb?

Only a slight push and I was inside. Jamie let out a loud moan, and I kept inching deeper. And deeper. Until I was nestled in him to the hilt.

His face was the most beautiful thing in the universe. In seconds, all the tension and fear were wiped out. He smiled softly, and his eyelids drooped halfway. With my hands framing his head, I stared down at him as I gave him the first thrust and the second.

Jamie licked his lips. His eyes were still red, but his features softened with lazy satisfaction. I thrust again, and his mouth opened. He tilted his head back and moaned louder.

“Yeah?”

“Uh-huh. More.”

He was so slick it leaked out around the base of my dick.

“Harder,” he breathed. “Please. Harder.”

I obliged. I gave him a few harsh fucks, my skin slapping against his ass cheeks. He scrunched his eyebrows together and cried out.

And he came.

His hole clenched around my dick, and his delectable cock spat cum over his smooth belly. God, it even smelled like cream. I wanted to eat it, but then I would probably knot him already.

“Oh yes! Yes! Don’t stop! Aaaaah.”

Another orgasm right after the first. His ass squelched with wetness.

“You’re beautiful when you come, Jamie.”

I sped up even more, and he rewarded me with a third wave of pleasure, arching back, his throat exposed.

I had to slow down, or I’d lose it.

Circling my hips, I savored the heated, slippery flesh hugging my dick. I pressed into him to the root and paused. With a satisfied sigh, Jamie let go of his legs.

The fullness must have soothed him. He hummed contentedly, stroking my arms where I braced myself above him.

“Better?” I asked.

“Yes. I can feel you so deep inside me. I love that.”

His eyes remained closed.

He’d need me to start moving soon, but for now, he seemed happy to just be. Joined, we hovered in the eye of the storm.

I was memorizing details. I wouldn’t think about whether this was right or wrong. I’d been in love with this boy for years, and for a few minutes, I got to own him. I would make the most of every second.

He was breathtaking. The flush of arousal glowed on his pale skin. His chest glistened with wetness, and I gasped when I realized something was leaking out of his nipples.

“Jamie? What is that?”

His eyebrows scrunched together, and he brushed his hands over his pecs. “Milk. I’m lactating.”

Oh.

I’d heard about that. Some omegas had milk throughout their lives, but it was rare. I’d never been with someone like that. I swallowed the excess saliva in my mouth. He palmed his round pecs, hiding them from me.

“No! I want to see,” I blurted.

I began fucking him with slow, gentle thrusts as Jamie moved his hands under his pecs. Gazing up at me, he slowly lifted them, making his nipples stick out. The sweet scent of cream in the air intensified.

“You like them?” he breathed, seeming unsure.

“Love them.” On Jamie’s narrow torso, his large pecs looked almost crude.

Provocative to the extreme and oh so tantalizing.

The way he held them seemed as if he were offering them to me...

One day, I’d be able to tell him more eloquently how arousing his tits were to me, but speaking was difficult when his heat messed with my brain.

He squeezed, and a few white drops bubbled up.

Oh my fucking... “That’s beautiful, Jamie.”

“Really?”

“Fuck yes. Can I...?”

Jamie’s gaze dropped to my lips. “Please. Suck them.”

Fuck!

I gripped his hips and pulled them toward me as I sat on my haunches.

His lower back over my knees and head on the mattress, he bowed back, spreading his arms. I bent over and closed my lips around his left nipple.

The milk clinging to it tasted like liquid joy.

I licked the nub, then opened my mouth wider.

On the first suck, the flavor burst onto my tongue, and I swallowed compulsively. I'd never tasted anything as delicious as this.

A raw groan rumbled through me.

Jamie moaned blissfully when the milk sprayed into my mouth.

"Oh please, don't stop! Please!"

All the demons in hell!

I was balls deep inside an omega in heat, and he was nursing me. I'd never even imagined something as hot as this. He was a miracle.

My hips bucked of their own volition.

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The sounds Jamie made were positively pornographic.

He wove his fingers into my hair and writhed in my grip, pushing his chest out for more.

I managed to give him short, deep fucks as I took most of his pec into my wide-open mouth and feasted on him.

Rubbing my tongue along the underside of his pec, I sucked harder.

The flow of milk got stronger, filling my mouth.

“I’m... aah. I’m coming... Coming again...”

My Jamie felt good. I was taking good care of my omega. The alpha in me purred with satisfaction.

This time, when Jamie’s ass pulsed around me, I felt the distinct bump up the front wall of his hole.

It throbbed against my cockhead. I angled my hips so I could thrust into it, and Jamie yelled with what sounded like complete ecstasy.

I’d found the mouth to his womb. It was closed—it was only his first heat wave, after all—but swollen with his heat. It seemed sensitive as fuck.

I should be careful.

Fuck, the way he sounded when I pressed into the spot...

With a growl, I let go of one nipple and latched on to the other. It was already leaking, and when I sucked, the precious nectar jetted out. I gulped it down. Holding Jamie by his waist, I pulled his body onto my cock as I drank from him.

His cries of pleasure morphed into guttural groans. His hole clenched and squeezed me in waves, his orgasms coming and going only to crest again. My knot was tingling.

I wouldn't last much longer, but in this position, I couldn't thrust into him as hard as I wanted to. I'd be damned if I didn't wring more pleasure out of him. I let go of his tit reluctantly. I'd suck them more later.

"On your knees, c'mon." I patted his thigh as I pulled out of him. Jamie whined needily.

"Empty!" he wailed.

Flailing, he tried to turn around, so I helped him into position. On his elbows and knees, he rocked back.

"Give it to me. Knot me."

"Stop me if it's too much."

He shook his head. "Hard! Fuck me hard!"

Well, then...

I drove into him to the hilt and retreated. Then back in. My cockhead hit the mouth to

his womb at a new angle.

Jamie let out a victorious cry and stuck his ass out more. Yeah, he liked it rough. His body needed it.

I let go of all restraint. My hands clutching his waist, I pounded his hole like there was no tomorrow, and Jamie sobbed into the bedding with the power of his climax. His inner muscles fluttered around my cock, all the slick squelching as his rim tried to grip me.

The taste of his milk lingered in my mouth. I'd done that. I'd sucked milk from his tits. I wanted to drink everything, his milk, his slick, his cum... I would fucking eat him alive.

About to explode, I rammed into him. Again and again.

Loud slaps filled the small room. Jamie's sounds grew wild; he let out these low, hoarse growls, and still, he pushed to meet me.

I heard my own grunts and saw my fingers dig into his hips.

I'd leave bruises, but he only pleaded for me to fuck him harder.

We collided over and over, wet skin slapping together. My sweat burned in my eyes, blurring my vision.

Smack. Smack. Smack. Jamie's ass cheeks quivered, slick splattering around.

We mated like animals.

I never wanted it to end.

My climax began at the base of my spine, tingling in my balls, and coiled in my knot. It all exploded at once. I pressed into Jamie as deep as I could, and he met me, straining to impale himself.

My knot grew painfully fast as I rutted against Jamie's ass.

His inner muscles milked me with powerful spasms as the softest, most delicate tissue engulfed my cockhead. It squeezed the crown of my dick and sucked.

Like a hungry mouth.

Jamie let out a keening cry.

Sweet heaven!

I'd fucked him open.

I'd somehow breached his womb on the first wave. That shouldn't be possible!

Yet I could feel the small pouch of flesh spasming around my cockhead. The pleasure was out of this world.

Jamie kept sobbing, lost in ecstasy. His inner muscles milked my cock, and the alpha in me beat his chest with victory.

The most primitive thoughts flooded my brain, the crudest words and images.

Breed that hole. Those milky tits will get even bigger. Breed. Stuff his womb full of cum. Feel that ripe, greedy ass? It wants your cum. More. Deeper. Breed it.

My knot pulsed and my dick jerked as Jamie's insides sucked the cum out of me.

I couldn't stop it from happening. God forgive me, I didn't want to stop it.

Curled over him and around him, I hugged his small body to me. My hands drifted to his chest and covered his enlarged nipples.

He's my omega. He belongs to me.

I clutched him to me and rolled us to the side. Jamie pressed his ass into my lap and turned his head, searching for my mouth.

I kissed him, rocking into him. His lips closed around my upper lip, then parted for my tongue.

It felt so soft and tender compared to what we'd just done. Jamie hummed into the kiss as I pushed my tongue into his mouth. He sucked on it the same way his open womb sucked on my cockhead.

My swollen dick jerked anew, giving him another load. And another. The mouth to his womb kept pulsating.

Seeing his face, I'd gotten some of my humanity back, but the sense of ownership lingered.

Jamie moaned softly and opened his eyes. His pupils were blown.

"You're breeding me," he murmured. He sounded drunk.

The sexual haze didn't allow me to feel guilty about any of this. I thrust with my knot, fucking the channel to his womb with my cockhead.

Fuck yes, I was breeding him.

And I'd give him more.

Jamie's eyes flashed white; his mouth fell open with a groan, the corners of his lips curving up. He looked completely euphoric.

I kept fucking him as much as the knot allowed. The pleasure rose again, and Jamie cried out with joy when I spilled inside him anew.

Then I put my hand on his belly and stroked where his womb nestled. Full of my cum. I ran my hand up to his chest and squeezed a few drops of milk out of his pec. I smeared them around and toward his belly.

I'll get my omega pregnant and keep him.

Jamie's breathing slowed down, and his body grew heavy. As I petted him, he peered at me with sleepy eyes.

He didn't say anything. Just gazed at me. I rubbed circles over his belly and kissed his cheek, the corner of his mouth, then the little birthmark by his eye. I met his gaze again, only to see him smile. He looked content.

The knot lasted for ages. I didn't even try to sort through the mess in my head, not while I was still hard and balls deep in his body.

I spent the entire time watching his face, giving him small kisses, and thinking of my cum inside his womb.

I was a bastard because I hoped like hell he wasn't on contraceptives.

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Source Creation Date: July 30, 2025, 9:10 am

JAMIE

I was in trouble.

I'd just had unprotected heat sex with my boss.

We fucked like animals. And my slutty womb opened for him during the first wave.

I hadn't even known that could happen. Didn't many couples struggle to breed even in the middle of a heat?

There were specialized sex toys to open omegas up when they had shy wombs.

During my heat with Liam, it took us days to get there, and we managed it only once.

Morton Hartley knocked me up in a matter of minutes.

After the knot went down, he pulled out of me, and I shuddered with a powerful aftershock as my womb clamped shut, closing his cum in my core.

I should be freaking out, but the feeling was incredible.

Traces of all my orgasms stayed there, wrapped around that spot, and the primitive parts of my brain insisted I was the happiest ever.

"I'll be right back." He brushed a kiss onto my shoulder before he stood.

I waited for him to say something else, but he remained silent. He brought me a glass of water and cleaned me up with a wet towel. Then he got into bed with me and wrapped his arms around me. He kissed my forehead.

He was so tender and caring; it was doing my head in. The warm embrace, together with the sated feeling in my middle, could lull me to sleep within seconds.

No, no sleeping. We needed to talk.

Except I didn't want to hear it.

"Are you on contraceptives?"

"We need to get you the emergency pills."

"How come you didn't know you were about to go into heat?"

And the worst: "Did you plan this? Did you trap me into it?"

I was waiting for him to start the conversation, dreading it, but Mr. Hartley was suspiciously quiet.

Another kiss just below my hairline. "Get some rest, Jamie."

Um. What?

Wasn't he going to ask those questions? They were glaringly obvious.

He stroked my back and nuzzled along my forehead. Then he ran his hand along my side and palmed my belly where his cum remained closed in my womb. He stroked tenderly, and my treacherous, horny body soaked it up.

I tilted my face to look at him. He seemed tense and tired. Still, no questions.

“Mr. Hartley, I...”

He kissed me. “Shh. It’s okay, Jamie. I’ll take care of you. I’ve got you.”

“You’re not angry at me?”

He frowned. “Why?”

“I don’t have an IUD, and I’m not taking any pills.” Better to drop the bomb early.

His mouth tightened, but he didn’t say anything.

I dreaded his reaction when it would sink in, so I started rambling.

“I have this hormonal imbalance thing that causes spontaneous lactation, but it also makes my heats irregular and my womb receptive. Your cum in me is a sure shot. I’m getting impregnated as we speak.

But I didn’t know it would be so fast, I swear.

I just found out about it all. The doctor only told me on Friday.

And he said that there were no signs of an upcoming heat.

I had no idea that it could come so fast, let alone that I could be bred during the first wave already.

I’m really sorry. I didn’t know this could happen, I swear...

” I bit my tongue, trying to gauge his expression.

He didn’t look angry or annoyed. If I didn’t know better, I’d think he seemed pleased. Huh . That couldn’t be right.

“No contraceptives?” he asked quietly.

I shook my head.

“Once an alpha releases into the channel to the omega’s womb, it takes only minutes for the sperm to reach the egg,” he said. “By the time the knot goes down, the egg is fertilized.”

“Why are you telling me this?”

“You said you were getting impregnated as we spoke. Technically, you’re pregnant already.”

I blinked. He was unbelievable. “Do you seriously think it’s helpful to explain the birds and the bees to me right now?”

He looked down and sighed. Then he hugged me tighter and met my gaze with determination.

“When I realized what was happening, I only wanted... more.” He smiled sheepishly. “It felt like you belonged to me.”

He didn’t make sense. “Just because you knock me up doesn’t mean you own me.”

“Oh, I know. I wasn’t exactly rational when I was inside you.”

“No kidding,” I muttered.

I shouldn't be angry at him. It wasn't his fault. I threw myself at him and kept begging him to do me harder. It took two of us to get here.

Pulling in a deep breath, he palmed my belly again.

“Jamie, I'll support you in whatever you want.

I'd like to take care of you during your heat...

if you let me. But if you want to get off at the nearest stop and find a clinic, we'll do that.

I won't say a word of protest.” His mouth said one thing, but the hand on my stomach told a different story.

At the mention of the clinic, he pressed with his palm, his fingers spreading possessively.

Did he like that he'd knocked me up?

With my thoughts and emotions all over the place, I studied him.

Morton Hartley . I knew his face better than my own, with the rich catalog of his expressions forever imprinted on my mind.

But he'd never looked at me this way before.

His eyes crinkled at the corners, worry and tenderness written in the shallow wrinkles.

He looked a little eager still, as if what we'd done hadn't been enough.

I allowed myself to remember the searing pleasure that exploded from my middle when he bred me. It had been unhinged, hellfire and heavenly bliss, and I wanted to feel it again. And again. And again...

His hand on my belly rubbed, warm and firm, over the place where his seed was already taking root.

Profound contentment stemmed from the spot, grounding and soothing me, and the frantic voices in my head sounded quieter and further away.

Pleasure still lingered in my system, in my muscles and bones, and I felt mellow all over.

Pregnant. He'd put a child in me. He'd knocked me up. C'mon, Jamie. Do something. Protest. Yell at him. Demand he take you to a clinic. You can take a pill or two, and problem solved...

It felt so nice. So very, very nice. The fullness in my womb and the fullness in my pecs made perfect sense together. The omega in me wanted to stretch and purr like the cat who got the cream.

Did I like that Mr. Hartley knocked me up?

When I didn't say anything, he kissed me.

I must have been in shock or still muddled from all those orgasms he'd fucked out of me because I kissed him back.

He tugged me to his chest, and my pecs pressed against him. I let out an involuntary

grunt, and he pulled back, looking down.

“They’re still full,” I managed in a weak voice.

He gently pushed me onto my back. “Can I take care of them for you?”

Dazed, I nodded.

He lowered his head and sucked my nipple into his mouth. With slow, firm pulls, he got the milk flowing while he traced circles with his fingertips around my other nipple.

It was bliss.

He emptied both sides tenderly and with earnestness... like making love. I thought of his cum in me and how wonderful it felt.

Pregnant already .

And he wanted me. Wanted this.

Did I?

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Source Creation Date: July 30, 2025, 9:10 am

MORTON

I hadn't been stupid enough to employ someone I'd found intensely attractive as my personal assistant.

Jamie had shown in the interview process that he was clever, quick, qualified, and likable.

He didn't fulfill the conventional beauty standards today's omegas aspired to.

He was too pale, his features a tad irregular, his limbs too thin... I'd thought I'd feel safe around him.

It had taken only a few weeks. I'd gotten to know him and had begun dreaming about how his eyelids drooped when he was tired.

Today, I found his pale complexion a flawless canvas for the lovely blush on his cheeks and the freckles on his nose.

His uneven lips were sexy as hell when he smirked knowingly, teasing me.

His slight body would fit perfectly into my lap, his elegant hands on my neck... and his growing stomach under my palm.

I'd gotten my Jamie pregnant. The knowledge was way more exhilarating and arousing than it should have been.

My dick remained half hard, my body buzzing with lust. I'd knocked this boy up, filled his womb to the brim, and now he'd be mine.

Jamie slept soundly, the little spoon in my lap, as I held my hand over his abdomen. I'd only taken my hand away when I used an app to order breakfast delivery to the front coupé. Then I put my phone on the nightstand and petted him again. When he stirred, I kissed his hair.

"Good morning, Jamie."

"Mr. Hartley?" He sounded half asleep still.

"Mm-hmm."

Would he freak out on me now?

But he rolled in my arms and snuggled into my chest without a word. I hugged him to me.

"How do you feel?"

"Good." He pressed a kiss to my breastbone. Thank you, Universe! "I'm hungry."

"I ordered us breakfast. It's in the front coupé."

"Thank you," he murmured, nuzzling the base of my throat.

I held his nape with one hand and tilted his chin up with the other. He blinked at me blearily.

"Jamie, I..." I love you. Please, keep our baby. Marry me. Stay with me for the rest

of my life.

My sweetheart smiled. “Are you okay?”

“Yeah. Let’s eat.”

After he’d taken a quick shower, he joined me in the front, dressed in a white T-shirt and silk pajama pants.

I wondered if he knew how provocative his tits looked under the flimsy cotton.

I wanted to play with them again. But food first. I uncovered the dishes on the cart and poured him a cup of coffee.

“Can I still drink coffee?” he asked, frowning.

My heart skipped a beat when he so casually alluded to his sudden pregnancy. Did that mean he wanted to keep the baby?

“Sure. Two small cups a day are fine.”

“Okay. Thanks.”

He accepted the cup and grabbed a croissant. He took a bite, chewed, swallowed, and drank some coffee. Then he offered me a careful smile. “I think we should talk, Mr. Hartley.”

“Jamie, please call me Morton.”

He grinned at that. “Morton. I think we should talk.”

“Do we have to?”

“You’re making me nervous.” He sighed, nibbling at the croissant. He picked up the crumbs from his plate and put them in his mouth. Then he licked his luscious lips. God, how was he even more gorgeous than yesterday? “I don’t know what to expect from you now.”

“That wasn’t my intention. I’m sorry.” I sat down next to him and took his free hand. “What’s worrying you?”

“My heat will likely continue for a couple more days even if I’m already pregnant.”

He could spend his heat with me, visit a pharmacy when we arrived on the West Coast, and take an emergency pill until one week after his heat.

Plus, he still had options that didn’t have to include me at all.

He could stay at an omega health clinic for the remainder of his heat, using toys during waves.

I would hate that, but I had to do what was best for him. My own wishes were secondary.

Deep breath. “Do you want to get off the train at the nearest stop and go to a clinic? I’ll cover the costs, of course. I could even get us a helicopter.”

Jamie looked at our joined hands as I rubbed circles on his skin with my thumb. “Only if it’s something you’d prefer,” he said quietly.

“It’s not. I want nothing more than to keep taking care of you during your heat.”

“Then you’ll breed me again?”

Yes, please! “Is it what you want, Jamie?”

He blew out a breath, then nodded. “It was the best sex of my life.” His glassy eyes met mine, and he smiled sheepishly.

Will you want me when this is over? Will you want the baby?

I couldn’t ask him that. Not yet. It was too soon, and he might still be in shock. I had to reassure him somehow. I wanted him to feel safe and treasured when he was with me. I chose my words carefully as I held his hand in mine.

“Jamie, you have all the power. It’s your body, your choice.

I’m here for you. I’m fiercely attracted to you, and I want you so much it hurts.

I’ve wanted you for a long time, and being allowed to touch you and make love to you is the greatest gift to me.

I’ll do my best to make your heat as pleasurable as I possibly can.

” I paused, trying to read his expression, but it was blank.

“Ultimately, everything is up to you. You can change your mind whenever you want, regardless of what I might feel.”

He studied my face for a few long seconds. Then he took his hand away, only to put it on my face. He combed his fingers through my stubble and leaned in for a kiss.

I was a goner.

I'd loved this boy before, but now... the emotion flattened me. I was helpless, held together by his hands on my skin and his lips against mine.

He broke the kiss. "I think another heat wave will come soon. My lower back feels off. We should finish eating."

"Okay," I rasped.

We ate in silence. Jamie fidgeted, seemingly getting uncomfortable with the approaching wave. Wincing, he rubbed his forearm over his chest.

He noticed me staring and blushed. Lord, he was gorgeous when he blushed. "It's the milk. My pecs got full overnight."

Yeah, I'd noticed. "Do you need me to... do something about that?"

His blush deepened, his ears turning red. "I have a device for that."

My eyebrows flew up. "A device?"

"For milking myself."

I stared at him with my mouth open. My dick stirred in my pants, and my throat got dry.

Upon seeing my reaction, Jamie grinned. "Is that maybe something you'd like to see?"

I could only nod while outrageous, explicit images flickered through my head.

Naked, Jamie sat against the headboard of his bed, his back supported by pillows.

His pecs looked swollen, his nipples puffy.

He turned the machine on and attached one silicone cup to his nipple.

He held it for a while until it sucked the nipple in.

His eyelids fluttered as the sensation must have registered in his brain.

Then he attached the other cup. He held both silicone molds to his pecs and sighed.

After a few pumps, white liquid ran through the tubes. When Jamie let go of the cups, they remained in place, his nipples growing and shrinking inside them. It looked strange but oh so hot. His nipples seemed distinctly larger, and his pecs drawn out.

Jamie's expression slowly turned sexual, with his eyelids drooping and lips parted.

A flush of arousal spread across his face and chest. The machine pulled rhythmically, and while the setup was clinical, Jamie looked so raw and animalistic, trapped in it.

His fingers skimmed his belly, and his cock jolted on his abdomen.

"This is just the low intensity," he murmured, his eyes closing.

I was fascinated. "What happens when you turn the intensity up?"

"I get uncontrollably horny. Sometimes, it makes me come."

Oh God. Was this what he'd been doing when I'd heard him the other night?

"Jamie, you're dangerous."

He peered at me, his eyes mere slits. “Do you want me to show you?”

Did he have to ask? “Yes!”

He reached for the device and turned the knob. Then he threw his head back on a moan. White milk streamed through the transparent tubes, and his nipples moved faster in the cups. A soft whooshing sound accompanied the sucking.

Jamie spread his legs, his hard cock curving over his abdomen. He stroked his stomach, then cupped his cock and balls and lifted his hips. His hole twitched, and a trickle of slick escaped, staining the towel he’d placed underneath his body.

“You’re gorgeous. This is so erotic.”

“It... feels... amazing.” He moaned between the words and jerked his hips up, fucking the air. “I like you looking at me. It makes me feel hot.”

“You are. The hottest thing ever. Can you touch yourself for me?”

“I need it. I’m so horny.”

He brushed his fingers over his wet hole and stroked his cock. Then he pressed two fingers inside himself and pumped his hand. Suddenly, he gasped, pushing his chest up.

“It’s a heat wave. Oh fuck. Fuck!” The milk seemed to come faster; the tubes filled with white.

“What do you need, Jamie? Tell me.”

“Fuck me like this. Hard.”

I was already scrambling into position before he finished speaking.

“Breed me while I’m getting milked like cattle.”

Fuck!

I drove into his slick hole with a raw groan. Jamie cried out and came instantly. He held the cups to his pecs as I began pounding his clenching hole.

I couldn’t tell when he was coming. He quivered under me, his inner muscles squeezing my cock like a pair of hands.

Head thrown back, throat exposed, he gasped and wailed.

I grabbed his hard cock and milked it in sync with the machine sucking his nipples.

It made him nearly delirious with ecstasy, broken curses falling from his mouth between cries of pleasure.

My knot tingled, my release approaching, but I held back. Jamie kept peaking in waves, and I wanted to give him more. As much as he could take. Milked and fucked hard, he looked on the brink of complete euphoria.

The machine abruptly turned itself off. It must have done that because the attached bottle was filled to the brim. The cups fell away, and Jamie grabbed his softened pecs, squeezing them hard.

Jamie’s huge, used nipples jutted out between his fingers, milk streaming from them, over his hands and down his torso.

The sight was better than the most shocking erotic fantasy my mind had ever

conjured.

At that moment, his womb opened for me, and I sank into his core. His body sucked the cum out of me.

Jamie screamed and kneaded his pecs, and the milk sprayed out.

The image burned itself into my brain just before I lost my sight from the overload of pleasure.

When I reopened my eyes after my stormy climax, my omega was sprawled on the bed, panting, his hands on his stomach. Drops of milk and cum adorned his torso like pearls. He was knotted, and my cockhead was still nestled in the channel to his womb.

I gathered him into my arms and rolled us while he shuddered with aftershocks. He rested on top of me, humming contentedly as I stroked his back.

“This is incredible. Thank you,” he whispered when his breathing had calmed down.

Was he thanking me ? “Sweetheart, nothing I’ve ever experienced compares to this. I’m the grateful one.”

He shifted and moaned softly when the movement stirred our connection.

My alpha instincts must have messed with my head because the next thing to come out of my mouth was, “Jamie, darling, the baby we’ve made...”

“Mm?”

“I’d like us to keep him.”

I should have waited, dammit. I shouldn't have pushed while he had my swollen dick up his womb. But Jamie didn't even hesitate.

"Okay," he replied sleepily and kissed my chest.

That was it? So easy? "I mean it."

"Good."

He fell asleep a few heartbeats later.

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JAMIE

It was paradise. With my eyes closed, I lay spread out like a starfish while my alpha wrapped his lips around my nipple. I needed to be milked more often now, which wasn't ideal, but I'd deal with that after the heat. Now I was too horny and happy to care.

The letdown came as soon as Mr. Hartley licked the underside of my nipple. My entire body sighed with relief. Mr. Hartley moaned around my nipple and sucked harder. I could feel his big cock against my thigh, erect and ready whenever I needed it.

And yes, he'd told me to call him Morton, but it felt so deliciously naughty to keep saying Mr. Hartley even as he fucked, sucked, and bred me again and again.

"Mr. Hartley..."

He growled into my flesh and gripped my ass. Taking a large part of my pec into his mouth, he hollowed his cheeks. He gulped the milk as he massaged my ass cheeks.

The milking machine was great because it sucked both my tits at the same time.

But a warm, wet mouth wrapped around one?

I peered down at my boss, the illustrious Morton Hartley, where he sucked my enlarged nipple.

His hair was tousled, stubble covered his hollowed cheeks, and his long lashes brushed the skin under his eyes.

He looked so intent on his task, all his legendary focus on me, on giving me pleasure and relief. It felt so intimate. And dirty.

My boss is sucking my tits and drinking my milk...

I moaned with a wave of desire. "Aah. Mm-hmm. I think... aah... nursing you makes the heat waves... come faster."

He gently bit my nipple and moved to the other side. He licked a drop of milk off the tip. "Good. Then I can fuck you again."

"Please, sir."

He chuckled darkly before he latched on to my pec and sucked. My hole was loosening, slick gathering inside. My cock tingled, and my balls drew up.

Mr. Hartley must have smelled the heatwave coming because suddenly, he flipped me around, lifted my hips, and pushed his cock inside me. My drawn-out, wet nipples dangled from my chest like an animal's teats, still dripping milk. And I felt like an animal, needy, shameless, and free.

On my elbows and knees, I clenched my fists around the bedding with the onslaught of sensations. Warmth bloomed in my middle, where his cockhead kissed the mouth to my womb. God, this was sheer ecstasy.

"Breed me again, please, sir!"

He thrust to the root a few times, making me come as if he had pushed a button. The

climax fizzled and crackled through my nerve endings, and I cried out with joy.

“You’re such a tease, Jamie. Calling me sir and Mr. Hartley even as I’m fucking you. I should spank you for that.”

“Uh-huh. Please, sir. I’ve been naughty. Oh fuck, yes!”

He laughed even as he thrust into me harder. Then he pulled out and smacked my ass cheek. It didn’t hurt, but my skin prickled from it. My empty hole spasmed. He tapped the other cheek and plunged back into me, my wet flesh squelching around him.

“One of these days, I’ll bend you over my desk.”

Why did that sound like the best promise?

We’d do it in his office. I could pull my pants down just below my ass cheeks, and he’d spank me before ordering me to get on my knees and suck his cock.

The rest of my fantasy burst into splashes of colors as my alpha breached the channel to my womb.

The orgasm tore through me, merciless and so powerful that I thought I’d faint. And then came the gift of his cum.

Morton Hartley’s cum filling my womb was the single best feeling in the entire wide world. My body and soul soared when he bred me. Fucking nirvana.

He stayed there, dick pulsating and knot stretching my hole, and his cockhead jolted in the mouth to my womb. It might have been my imagination, but I felt the creamy liquid pouring into my core, slightly cooler than my heated womb, like a soothing

balm.

Then he palmed my pecs and squeezed. The possessive grip on my chest... Oh yes .

I felt so good about myself when he held me like that. My body was so ripe. Fertile. I felt beautiful inside and out. I moaned louder, my insides clenching around his erection, making love to it with gratitude. I was made for this. To get fucked and bred, knocked up.

“I love this. Love this so much.”

“Good omega,” he rasped. He pushed with his knot, his cockhead moving in my core, sending tingles of raw delight into my torso. “You love getting impregnated.”

Wow, that sounded dirty when he said it like that.

“I do. Please. Knock me up, Mr. Hartley.”

He growled like a wild beast.

His thrusts intensified, getting as rough as the knot allowed. The pumping pressure in the channel to my womb set my insides aflutter.

I keened with the searing climax.

“That’s what you need. One more load.”

I must have lost myself in the middle of the breeding climax. Delirious with pleasure, I made guttural noises, my vision black with colorful sparks dancing around.

Then I lay on my side in his arms, knotted, his hand on my belly and his lips under

my ear.

“You’re perfect for me, Jamie. I want to keep you forever. I’ll watch your belly grow and suck your tits and fuck your hole ten times a day until you give birth, and then I’ll breed you again. You’ll be my omega, darling. A sweet little baby daddy...”

It was nonsense, dirty talk in the middle of the heat, with his dick up my ass to the hilt.

And I soaked it up like a sponge.

“I want to suck your cock when I’m pregnant with a big belly. On my knees. I’ll hold my big stomach, and you’ll fuck my throat.”

The moan he let out sounded almost painful.

“Fuck, Jamie. You’re killing me.”

“I love that you’ve knocked me up. Feels so good.”

The train jostled, probably passing over some crossing, and we both shuddered. He began moving anew, rocking me softly, prolonging the bliss until I felt as if he’d drugged me with all that cum.

I fell asleep, knotted in his lap.

MORTON

I canceled every meeting I could with the excuse that I had to prepare for the conference. Not knowing how long I had with Jamie, I wasn't wasting a single second. I typed the last line of the last email and set my laptop on the nightstand.

The sound of water running in the bathroom stopped.

The sun was setting outside, and the pink light pouring in through the window seemed to dance on Jamie's skin as he walked into the bedroom, naked. His pecs were full, his large nipples jutting out enticingly, and his belly rounded from heat and breeding.

For the umpteenth time, my pulse quickened, and my brain stuttered at the sight of the subtle curve. My cum was in there.

And I knew it wasn't true, but the alpha in me insisted that this beautiful otherworldly being was all mine now.

Smirking mischievously, Jamie looked me up and down and raised one eyebrow.

"You're overdressed, Mr. Hartley."

Chuckling, I dragged my boxers down my legs and dropped them on the floor. My cock, constantly half hard while Jamie's scent saturated the train car, lay on my abdomen. Jamie gave it a long, appreciative look.

“Better?” I asked.

“Much better.”

He knelt on the bed and slinked over me like a cat until his face hovered above my groin. I couldn’t help the primitive reaction of my body. My cock hardened fully under his scrutiny.

Jamie hummed. “It looks like you’re well prepared for the next thing on our agenda today.”

“Am I? Remind me, please, what is it?”

He shook his head with mock disappointment. “You don’t recall? You’re so distracted these days, Mr. Hartley.”

“It’s your fault. I can’t think of anything else but you.”

His smile widened. “The next thing on our agenda is me riding your dick.”

“And to think I almost missed that. It’s good that you keep track of my schedule. What would I do without you?”

“You wouldn’t be coming nearly as hard or as often.”

He licked a swath up the underside of my cock, and I shuddered.

“The heat wave feels milder,” he murmured with his lips against my cockhead.

“Uh-huh.”

“We can prolong it.” He flicked his tongue against the slit.

With my gaze pinned to his mouth, I couldn’t think. “Whatever you want.”

If he only knew how much that was true. I’d do whatever he wanted, in any aspect of my existence. The alpha in me might insist Jamie was mine, but in reality, I belonged to Jamie with every cell of my body and every penny in my many bank accounts.

“Whatever I want?” he teased, and wrapped his lips around my cockhead.

“Yes.”

He suckled softly before letting go. My aching erection smacked against my stomach.

“I have this fantasy…” He hesitated, looking me up and down.

“Yes?”

“I’ll show you. Stay put.”

Then he lifted his leg and climbed off the bed. He rooted around in my clothes until he found my pants. I gaped as he pulled the belt out of the loops.

“Can you put your arms above your head, sir?” he asked, running the belt between his fingers.

Shit. I’d never been tied up before. I wasn’t sure I would like it, but Jamie said it was something he’d fantasized about, and I wouldn’t deny him anything.

I put my hands above my head, and he wrapped the leather around my wrists. He was hard already, and his slender cock bobbed right by my face as he worked out how to

fasten the belt. The scent of his heat wave was intensifying.

Then he straddled my torso and leaned down for a kiss. I chased after his lips when he pulled away.

“I’m getting slick. I’ll need your cock soon. But first...”

He rubbed his cock against my stomach as he stretched above me. With one hand on my tied wrists, pushing them into the pillow above my head, he lowered himself until his left nipple dangled right above my face.

“Open your mouth, sir.”

Holding it between his fingers, he guided his nipple to my lips. He brushed my upper lip with it.

“Lick it.”

I lapped at the nub with the flat of my tongue, catching small drops of milk. Jamie hummed.

I couldn’t wait. As soon as he was low enough, I sucked the nipple in. The warm, supple flesh filled my mouth, reaching deep. Jamie sounded as if he was about to protest, but then he moaned. The milk burst out after only three pulls.

He writhed on top of me, his erection drooling on my belly. He offered me his other nipple, and I drank, massaging the underside of his pec with my tongue in a way that made the milk flow faster. The sweet, flowery taste drugged me. My balls ached with need.

The thing was, I could have easily dislodged Jamie and wriggled my hands out of the

haphazardly fastened belt. But why would I?

When Jamie rose above me, his enlarged wet nipples dripped milk. The letdown got stronger during a heat wave.

He reached back and palmed my dick, then slowly sat on it. His flesh enveloped my cock, slick and satiny, his body like a warm oven. I bucked on instinct, and Jamie cried out.

“Patience, Mr. Hartley,” he scolded me. “You’re not very obedient, are you?”

My chuckle came out strained. “Not my strong suit, no.”

God, I adored his crooked smile. And when he smiled like that with my cock in his heated body? I almost blurted it out right then.

Jamie, I love you.

“I’ve always said you’d be a terrible assistant,” he said. “Now, be good, and I’ll let you come up my womb.”

Then he rose and sank down and rose again. Leaning back, he braced his hands on my thighs and rolled his hips. He moved sinuously, maddeningly slowly, and drops of milk trickled from his nipples. Like strings of pearls, reaching all the way to his belly button and below.

Jamie’s abdomen seemed to protrude slightly as he took me into his body.

“Fuck, Jamie...”

“I know. My belly’s bulging with your dick.” He ran one hand down his torso,

smearing the milk over his belly. “Feels so fucking good. I’m going to ride you until you breed me. Until you shoot your load straight into my womb. And then I’m going to fuck myself some more...”

What if he had tied me up properly, both my arms and legs? He could have gagged me too. I wanted to be helpless so he could use me for his pleasure.

The leather strained around my wrists as I pushed my hands into the pillow until my joints ached. No, I’d never harbored any submissive desires, not even a little, but making myself vulnerable with Jamie felt easy and right, like a simple gift I could offer him to make him happy.

Smiling blissfully, he moved up and down faster, his wet ass smacking against my skin. We both lost ourselves for a while. The milk streamed down his torso in rivulets, and he looked like a dream. A divine creature who’d come to take me to paradise.

The mouth to his womb gave way, and my cockhead surged into the softest flesh. He wailed, bowing back, while his cock jolted, a few drops of cum spraying out.

My knot tingled. I was so close. I might have growled.

“Don’t come!” he ordered. “Not yet!”

I gritted my teeth together.

He circled his hips, making my cock move around in his core. It felt like I was deeper than ever.

Abruptly, he rose, and my cock was ripped out of his womb with the harsh movement.

When he plonked down again, the loosened mouth to his womb spasmed around my crown.

He rode me like that, fucking himself in the most violent way, impaling his womb on my dick over and over.

His sounds turned guttural and animalistic, and cum oozed from his slit, blending with drops of milk on my stomach.

When his thighs began to shake, he sat down hard and let out a strangled sob. His hole squeezed my cock.

“Breed me!” he cried.

I bucked up, making his body bounce on my dick.

“Yes! Yes! Oh fuck, yes! Give me your cum. Deep in me. Deep. Please!”

It felt like an earthquake, but it was just the train moving. Thousands of fires burned through me, until soothing pleasure covered my body from head to toe.

My knot swelled, and Jamie let out a joyous shout. He grabbed his nipples and pulled on them, milking himself while my cum poured into his womb in long pulses.

Rocking on my knot, he made himself come one more time, until he slumped, seemingly exhausted.

I wriggled my hands out of the loosened belt and hugged him to me before moving up the bed. I leaned against the headboard with him in my lap.

Jamie nuzzled the crook of my neck and shoulder.

“I wanted to ride you harder, but my thighs began cramping,” he mumbled.

“You were glorious.”

“Mm-hmm. It was rather glorious, wasn’t it?”

“Fantastic performance. It’s going into your yearly evaluation.”

He giggled softly, then groaned. “You’re still up there.”

“In your womb.”

“Feels deeper than ever.”

“Uh-huh. Your body is wide open.”

“I love that.”

“Me too.” I love you .

“But now I’m sleepy. Being pregnant is hard work.”

Oh God. He just said it like it was a matter of course. No big deal. The man of my dreams, the love of my life, was pregnant with my seed. I’ll love you forever. Please, keep our baby. Stay with me and be mine.

“Rest, darling. I’ve got you.”

The train rattled, vibrations going through our connection, and Jamie sighed.

“Ooh. This is nice.”

“A fun perk, isn’t it?”

It rattled again. Jamie wriggled, humming happily. “I’m starting to understand why you like trains so much.”

His words were slurred as if he were falling asleep, so I didn’t say anything.

I combed my fingers through his hair and petted his lower back and ass cheeks.

The movement of the train sent currents of pleasure through our joined bodies, and I drifted off into a shallow sleep, reality blending with a delightful dream where Jamie and I were locked together forever, making love without pause until the end of time.

It didn’t really matter what time it was—our sleep schedule was upside down anyway. But I hoped it was before midnight, simply because I wanted more hours with Jamie.

He lay against my chest, his hand stroking along my ribs. His humid breath warmed my skin. A dark landscape passed behind the window, only blurry shapes of the mountains against a starry sky. It felt like we were in the middle of nowhere, away from civilization and all the demands it imposed on us.

In the comfortable quiet, it didn’t feel strange to ask questions I might have hesitated to voice otherwise.

“Jamie?”

“Mm?”

“Why did you call off the engagement with Liam?”

He sighed and rubbed his cheek on my pec. “It was a case of a late manifesting alphahole.”

I attempted to decipher his words but failed. “You’ll have to explain to me what that means.”

“At the beginning of our relationship, he was sweet and supportive, listened to what I had to say, and complimented me incessantly. Silly me, I didn’t realize I was being lovebombed.

Then he got demanding. He automatically assumed everything he did was more important than my career and interests, so when he made time for me, he expected me to be available and in the mood to please him. ”

“Ah.”

Jamie placed his chin on my chest and smirked up at me, his eyes glinting in the weak nightlight. “And I already had one alpha in my life I had to take care of.”

I blinked. “Who?”

Jamie snickered. “You, of course!”

I wasn’t sure how I felt about Jamie comparing me to his ex. “Am I demanding?”

“Sometimes.” When I gaped, he kissed my chest. “But you don’t take me for granted. I broke up with Liam because of you, you know.”

Just as I managed to untangle one meaning, he said something else that threw me for a loop. Jamie would always be one step ahead of me. “But that was before...”

“Not like that. I just realized that even though I was your employee and you had every right to make demands on my time and energy, you showed me more respect than Liam ever did. One Friday, he wanted me to leave work early and accompany him to a function, and I said no. He tried to give me an ultimatum—either I’d come home and get myself ready, or he’d start reconsidering our relationship .

” Jamie changed his tone to presumably mimic this Liam person, and I winced with annoyance.

“What a jerk.”

“Yep. I found I’d rather stay after hours with you at the office than go make nice with my pompous ass of a fiancé. I broke up with him the next morning. In hindsight, I don’t think I was ever madly in love with him. Once he stopped yelling and left, I was relieved.”

Did Jamie mean he liked me even back then? Smiling with mischief, he tapped a finger on my lips.

“He was jealous of you.”

My eyebrows flew up. “Was he?”

“Uh-huh. He hated when I worked overtime. He even insinuated you and I were having an affair.”

“I’ve never...”

“I know.” Jamie traced my upper lip with his fingertips. “But he wasn’t so stupid after all, you see. I did prioritize you before him without even being aware of it. When we were swamped in the spring, you often told me to go home, remember?

That you were fine finishing on your own.”

“But you stayed.”

He smiled, his expression only a little guilty. “I liked being alone with you after hours. Not because I wanted something to happen between us, not consciously. I guess I just... liked hanging out with you.”

I tightened my grip on him and kissed his forehead. I sensed it wasn’t the right time to talk about the future, not yet, but Jamie’s words gave me hope.

“You saved me from burning out, you know,” I told him. “I’d be lost without you.”

He settled against me with his leg over mine and his arm over my torso. The hold felt a tad protective, and I basked in the warmth.

“You wouldn’t burn out,” he murmured, “but you might still be looking for that report.”

I snorted. “Entirely possible.”

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JAMIE

My ass was swollen and loose, leaking traces of Mr. Hartley's cum even hours after we'd fucked, and before I could be empty, he'd add more. Between waves, he sucked the milk from my tits and made love to my hole with his lips and tongue.

His gaze drifted to my protruding abdomen all the time, and when he wasn't looking at my impregnated belly, he stared at my tits.

My nipples had gotten even larger, and milk dripped from them at odd moments.

The heat seemed to aggravate my lactation to the extreme, but I wasn't complaining.

Not at all. Not when I could have this magnificent man taking care of me.

Nursing him was bliss, and I loved knowing it made him desire me more. I'd never imagined something like this could count as sex, but it most definitely did. So tender yet so dirty at the same time.

I refused to think about what would happen at the other end of our journey. For now, I was an animal in heat, eager to get knocked up, and the alpha of my dreams was breeding me. All was right with the world.

I woke up from a nap, disoriented. I had no idea what day it was, let alone what time. A tender brush of fingers over my pec made me blink up. Morton lay by my side, smiling softly.

“Hello, sleepyhead.”

“Mmf.”

I yawned, and he chuckled. Stretching my arms above my head, I winced at the pressure in my pecs.

“What is it? Are you sore?”

“No. Just my pecs.”

A warm hand cupped one and circled softly. “They’re swollen and firm. Do you need to have your tits milked, my darling?”

The question was so filthy. “Yes, please, Mr. Hartley.”

His eyes flashed like they did when I called him that during sex.

He gave me some water to drink while he got the machine ready.

Then he supported my back with an extra pillow and turned the device on.

He pressed one silicone cup to my left nipple and watched intently as it got sucked in before he did the same on the other side.

The setting was low, but enough to cause a letdown.

My pecs tingled, and I sighed with relief.

“Will you make me come, Mr. Hartley?”

He kissed down my chest, carefully avoiding the tubes, and lingered with his lips under my belly button.

“I’ll lick your hole and drink your slick while you’re getting milked. How about that?”

“Yes, please.”

I spread my legs eagerly, and he settled between my thighs. He licked my cock and sucked it into his throat, the pulls of his mouth timed perfectly in sync with the milking machine. It made my hole leak.

“Please!” I whined.

Grabbing my legs under my knees, I lifted my ass higher, begging shamelessly.

Finally, he pressed his lips to my open hole.

It felt different now that I was so stretched and swollen with heat.

He kissed my opening with his lips and tongue as if he were kissing me on the mouth.

Tendrils of sweet pleasure swirled around my hole and from my nipples.

The two streams of raw happiness met in my center, like soothing warmth around my sated womb, and I melted, my bones turning to jelly.

Feels wonderful. Oh, Morton. This is heaven.”

He made a soft, pleased sound that reverberated through my body.

A gentle climax flowed through me, and I purred like a damned cat.

He sucked the cum off my cock and rose above me.

“You finally called me Morton.”

He was grinning and looked so adorable something tugged at my heart.

“It is your name.”

The milking machine turned itself off, and he carefully removed the cups. He kissed my nipples, licking the drops of milk that escaped. My pecs were soft now, pleasantly empty. Morton brushed his lips around my nipples and nuzzled my chest.

He reached for the device lying on the bed and detached the bottle from it. There was maybe a cup of my milk in it. His eyes never leaving my chest, Morton tilted the bottle to his lips and drank.

His Adam’s apple moved as he gulped the contents down.

I gaped.

That was... I was too stunned to know if that was hot, cute, or both.

He set the empty bottle on the nightstand and lowered himself over me, caging me in.

Then he kissed me.

Tasting my milk in his mouth, I groaned into the kiss. Morton’s hard cock rubbed against my thigh. He moved down my body until his face was level with my pecs.

After the milking, my nipples looked obscene, but Morton stared at them as if he wanted to eat me alive.

“You still don’t have enough?” I teased, but my voice quivered. The searing desire in Morton’s gaze was almost scary.

“I’m in love with your tits. I don’t think I’ll ever get enough of them.”

He brushed his lips over my abused nipple and nuzzled around it.

An idea took over my mind, and before I could censor myself, I blurted it out. “Come all over them.”

His lips parted with surprise. I couldn’t take it back now. I tried to come up with a way to turn it into a joke, but he rose above me. Shuffling forward on his knees, he straddled my torso. He leaned on one arm, and his hard cock brushed my left pec.

I gasped.

Fuck, we were a couple of horndogs, weren’t we?

But I was in heat and besides, who cared?

Frowning with focus, Morton moved his hips, rubbing his cock on my pec. His cockhead poked my nipple, smearing it with precum. I cradled the warm erection in my hands and pressed it harder against my chest.

He made fucking movements with his hips, and it felt just a tiny bit humiliating, but in a great way. I’d had no idea I’d like something like this. Apparently, whatever was happening to my tits, my libido was in.

I squeezed out a few drops of milk and rubbed them on his cock. Soon, I was moaning, grabbing mounds of my softened flesh to create a groove for him.

Morton was close. I could see it in his face.

And I heard myself say, “Do you like fucking my tits?”

He moaned, and his hips stuttered. “You’re such a tease, Jamie.”

“Your fault. Your cum in my womb must have turned me into a sex-crazed monster.”

Another moan. He sped up, driving his erection into the space between my palms and my pec. His cockhead made love to my nipple while his precum and my milk eased the way.

“I love fucking your tits.” His voice broke.

Two heartbeats later, his cock jerked against my skin. Hot splashes of cum hit my chest and chin. Morton’s moan sounded almost painful.

I couldn’t help myself. I used his cum like lotion, spreading the silky liquid over my pecs and nipples while he looked on, looming above me.

“Beautiful,” he murmured.

Holding his gaze, I licked my palm.

With a groan, Morton collapsed on the bed and covered his eyes with his arms.

“Fucking hell, Jamie. You’ll be the death of me.”

I chose to take that as a compliment.

The cum felt nice on my nipples. I played with them for a while longer, tugging on them and rolling them between my fingers until my skin got sticky.

Morton wasn't moving, and I became a little worried.

"Was that too much?"

He peered at me from under his arm.

"Hell no. We're definitely doing that again."

I grinned. "Cool."

Freshly showered and with my teeth brushed, I eyed the T-shirt I'd hung on a hook on the bathroom door. Did I even need any clothes? I left the T-shirt there and walked into the bedroom naked.

Morton was on the phone but went quiet in the middle of a sentence, staring at me.

"Uh. Sorry. Can you repeat that? The signal seems unstable."

I settled on the bed, folding my arms behind my head. I crossed my legs and smiled at him. Predictably, Morton's gaze lingered on my nipples.

"I'm really sorry, but I can't talk about this right now," he said into the phone. "Send me an email, and we'll reconnect when I'm back in the city. Uh-huh. Sure. No problem. Bye."

He threw the phone on the bed.

“I can’t get any work done with you here.”

I cringed. How selfish was I? He faced an important event on the West Coast, and my heat destroyed our schedule.

His expression softened. “It’s not your fault, Jamie. I didn’t mean it like that. You’re more important than any of that.”

“But you still need to work on the presentation, and all the possible questions people could have.”

“It’s nearly done. I’m just being a perfectionist.”

I tapped my lips. “How about a reward system?”

“Huh?”

“You complete a task, and I reward you. Would that help your focus?”

He squinted. “Reward me how?”

“I’ll think of something.” I picked up the restaurant menu from the nightstand and paged through it. “Did you go through the Q&A and make notes about possible answers?”

“Yes. But it’s been a while, and I want to make updates.”

“Get to it, then.”

He eyed me suspiciously as he sat on the edge of the bed and opened his laptop. “I’m not sure that’s enough of a motivation when I don’t know what I’m getting.”

“It’ll work. Trust me.”

I found the page with delivery and scanned the code to get to the app. I ordered two pieces of blueberry pie with cream on the side.

Feeling Morton’s eyes on me, I flashed him a look. “Focus.”

“I can’t with you naked right here.”

“Go through the first five questions, and you’ll get to touch me...” I drew a line over my collarbones. “...down to here.”

Morton smirked. “Such a tease. Okay.”

It took him a mere twenty minutes. I went through a few emails on my phone while he typed. Then he abruptly shoved the computer to the side and rolled closer to me.

“I want my reward now.”

I kissed him, and he smiled against my lips. He trailed kisses down my throat and nipped at the tendons, then licked the bridge of my collarbones and pressed a kiss to the hollow in the middle. I inhaled the scent from his hair and combed through the messy strands. His fingers brushed my left pec.

I’d almost forgotten he was supposed to keep working. I grabbed his wrist and pulled his hand away.

“Nope. Five more questions.”

He growled. “Tease!”

I drew a line along my ribs, just above my stomach. “Go through five more and you can touch me down to here.”

His nostrils flared as he stared at my nipples. “Deal.”

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He rolled off me and grabbed his laptop again. He pretended to scowl, but I could see the playful smirk he tried to suppress.

This time, it took him longer. I heard the door in the front coupé click when the pies got delivered. I waited for the staff to leave before going to the door. I opened it and peeked through the gap. The coast was clear.

Naked, I padded to the coupé and took the covered tray. Morton looked up when I returned to the bedroom.

“What’s that?”

“None of your business. Not until you’re done.”

“Ugh.”

“How many do you have left?”

“One and a half. This one is complicated.”

“Then focus .”

He rolled his eyes and turned his back to me. He resumed typing, and I settled on the bed with my phone.

A few minutes later, he slapped the laptop shut.

“Done.”

He crawled toward me, a predatory look on his face.

“Wait!”

Kneeling on the bed, he pouted. “You promised, Jamie.”

“Just a second.”

I uncovered the tray. The cream was in a bowl on the side, just as I requested, whipped to perfection. I grabbed a spoon.

Morton gaped as I scooped up a heap of cream and smeared it on my chest. One more. Dollops of sweet goodness covered my pecs.

“Now you can collect your reward.”

His licks and kisses were filthy. He slurped up the whipped cream from my pecs and laved them with his tongue. The cream made them slippery. He lapped at the undersides, adding pressure, and the tips of my nipples began to tingle.

Raising his eyebrows questioningly, Morton picked up the spoon. I gave him a nod. He placed a large spoonful of cream on each nipple. It felt cold and looked oh so decadent. The most amazing thing was the expression on Morton’s face. I’d never seen him so excited and so ravenous at the same time.

Then he closed his warm mouth over one peak, and the change of temperature made me shiver. He suckled the cream off and licked over my nipples.

“The cream is delicious,” he murmured with his lips against my nipple. “But the real

stuff is even better.”

With that, he sucked my tit deep into his mouth.

I lost myself for a while, arousal swirling in my core, as he made the milk flow. When his hand covered my belly, I jerked up.

“No way. That’s not allowed.”

He let go of my nipple and scrunched his eyebrows to give me a puppy face.

I shook my head, trying to seem stern. “Nope. Not until you’re done with the Q&A.”

“How can you still think about work?”

I ignored his question. “How many bullet points do you have left?”

“Four,” he grumbled.

“Finish it, and you can have all of this.” I gestured down my body.

“Sometimes I forget who’s the boss here.”

Despite his protests, he returned to the document, scrolling and typing.

I covered myself with a duvet and watched him work. The frown on his forehead was so familiar to me. He nibbled on his bottom lip and scratched his stubble, and a wave of tenderness filled my ribcage.

It had only been a couple of days, but it felt like I’d been with him for longer than that. Was it because I knew him so well?

My boss.

Except he didn't feel like one. Not really. Who was Morton Hartley to me?

The first word that came to mind was friend .

I didn't know when our relationship changed, but it must have been before I realized I was attracted to him.

We were close friends. Sure, for all intents and purposes, he was the one in charge.

But we helped each other, supported each other, and I did my best to be there for him through thick and thin.

We also laughed together, and somehow, as I recapped the times I'd been happy during the past months, it had always been at work. With Mr. Hartley. With Morton.

No wonder my engagement fell apart. I'd been paying more attention to my boss than to my boyfriend.

And now...

I was pregnant with Morton's baby.

I managed to distract myself and forget about it for a couple of hours, but it hit me like a sledgehammer every time I remembered.

Pregnant.

The nervousness and fear always came accompanied by a dazed arousal.

This incredible man had impregnated me.

He closed his laptop with an elegant movement of his hand and glanced at me. I dragged the duvet off my body, and he licked his lips.

Then he pounced.

The mattress squeaked as he threw himself at me. With muted growls, he sucked on my nipples, then moved lower toward my belly button. He rained open-mouthed kisses over my abdomen, at first playful and teasing me with little bites and nibbles, but then he slowed down.

He wrapped his arms around my waist and kissed my stomach with earnestness. When did the game become serious?

Nuzzling my rounded belly, he hummed, then laid his cheek on it and closed his eyes.

“You’re my greatest reward, Jamie. All of you.”

The tone of his voice, the warmth coming from him... and his seed in my womb.

Was I falling in love?

We were goofing around and fucking like rabbits, and everything felt so right . But the journey would soon end, the train would stop, and we’d have to return to the real world.

Could we love each other and become a family?

I had no answer. But I did know that making a decision like that during a heat would be stupid.

“Do you want pie?” I asked. Miraculously, my voice remained casual.

Morton pressed a long kiss to my underbelly and sat up.

“Sure. Blueberry?”

“Of course. I know all your favorites.”

“Thank you.”

He accepted a plate and a spoon, and we ate in bed. There was no cream left, but it tasted lovely even without it.

After the meal, I lay cuddled to his chest. A full stomach made me sleepy, and I was too muddled to overthink.

Time moved slowly, the swooshing and clanking of the train like a lullaby. I was about to drift off when a wave of energy surged through my insides.

“Heat wave,” I gasped.

Morton hummed. “I know. I could smell it coming.”

“Then hurry, fuck me.”

Laughing, he patted my hip. “On your knees, then. You want it hard, don’t you?”

“Duh.”

I scrambled into position on my knees on the edge of the mattress. Morton stood behind me with one knee on the bed. He drove into me single-mindedly, and the

mouth to my womb opened for him after only a few thrusts.

“Such a greedy womb you have, Jamie.”

“You’re giving it... the best cum. Ah! It wants more.”

“I’ll give you more. I’ll breed you so hard you’ll faint.”

“Do it. Harder.”

Then my brain short-circuited.

He changed the angle somehow and sped up, and pleasure exploded in my middle.

I didn’t remember much after that, only glimpses of crumpled sheets, a blurred forest behind the window, loud cries, and snippets of dirty talk.

“Such a greedy womb. Fuck, Jamie. It sucks my dick. So horny.”

I kept coming... and then everything turned quiet.

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JAMIE

I had seven heat waves, and he bred me during every single one.

The last morning of our journey looked a little bleak. I woke up alone on the bed, a damp towel under my ass. I knew immediately that the heat was over. The constant undercurrent of arousal I'd felt before was gone, replaced by a sense of satisfaction and a mellow sensation in my muscles.

I sat up and stroked my stomach. It looked a little swollen, but that must be due to the heat and breeding. It would get smaller again before it would grow for real.

Wow.

I was really pregnant.

With Mr. Hartley's baby. With Morton's baby.

Why was I smiling?

I petted the curve of my belly and cupped my pec with my other hand.

Was it weird that I saw myself as beautiful all of a sudden? My womb and pecs were full of life, and I liked it. I adored it.

The door squeaked, and I jerked as if I'd been caught with my hand in the cookie jar.

Mr. Hartley was carrying a tray.

“Morning, Jamie. Are you hungry?”

“Good morning. Yes, please. I just need to...” I gestured to the bathroom.

“Sure. I’ll get it ready.”

He set the tray on the nightstand and began tidying up the bed as I scrambled off and stumbled to the bathroom. I rushed through my morning routine, then put on my silk pajama pants and a long-sleeved T-shirt.

Morton waited for me on the made bed, breakfast ready by his side. I climbed on to join him carefully so I wouldn’t spill the coffee.

We ate breakfast like a picnic on the bed. We didn’t talk much, but I caught his gaze many times and each time he smiled at me.

I was gathering the courage to ask what had been niggling at me since I’d woken up.

“Morton,” I began.

He seemed to perk up at my use of his name. “Yes, darling?”

“We said many things during the heat, didn’t we?”

“Um. Yes.”

“That’s normal, right? You get aroused, and then your mouth just...” I made a nondescript gesture with my hand.

“Jamie, I meant everything I said. The final choice is yours. But I loved what we did, and I don’t regret anything. I still want you.”

If I had his kid, I’d be bound to him for the rest of my life one way or the other. Would he eventually use it against me? But I knew Morton wasn’t that kind of alpha. Right?

“And if I’m not ready to be a father yet... and take the emergency pill when we get to the city. Would you hate me for that?”

His face fell. He put the tray on the floor and gathered me into his arms.

“Of course not. You’re so young. You have your entire life in front of you. I’ll support your decision, whatever it’ll be.” He paused, his gaze roaming my features. “I love you, Jamie. Nothing will change that.”

I blinked. My eyes prickled with tears. Maybe it had been a little evil of me to ask him that, but I’d needed to be sure.

“I want to keep the baby.”

He grinned. “You sneaky thing!”

“Sorry. I just...”

“I know. I know. That was clever of you. Phew, I passed the test.”

I giggled as he kissed my cheek, then my nose. His obvious happiness made my heart beat faster. My life had changed irreversibly in just four days, but I was excited about my new future.

When he hugged me, we both felt how full my pecs had gotten. He carefully laid me on my back and proceeded to drink my milk until I was moaning shamelessly with each suck. Then he turned me around and licked my sore hole, bringing me to a sweet, mellow completion.

His neglected cock tented his pajama pants. Finally, I could take my time to explore.

“Take them off,” I told him.

I licked the gorgeous fat dick like a lollipop before sucking it into my throat. I prolonged it as much as I could. His thighs were shaking before I let him come. Then I stroked the base with both hands while sucking on his luscious cockhead and swallowing every little drop of his seed.

Pressing one last kiss to his slit, I glanced up. He looked dazed as he petted my hair.

“God, Jamie. That was amazing.”

Giddy with his praise, I climbed into his lap and kissed him. He must have tasted himself on my lips, yet he only kissed me more fiercely.

“I love you,” he mumbled against my lips. He didn’t wait for my reply before he kissed me again.

Did I feel the same already?

The feeling of contented fullness in my womb was telling me yes, I loved this man.

I’d been talking myself out of crushing on Mr. Hartley for years. Now the floodgates seemed to have opened, and I couldn’t get enough of him.

If I didn't love him yet with my entire mind and soul, I would in no time.

It'd be like falling. I could just let it happen.

MORTON

The driver waited for us on the platform and loaded our luggage onto a cart. We were walking toward the exit when a glimpse of a familiar face made me jerk to a halt. Jamie stopped by my side.

“What...” he began, but wasn’t allowed to finish.

“Morton! Hiya!” Gary called as he blocked our path, his well-groomed face showing a wide, toothy smile.

“Gary, what the fuck are you doing here?”

“Surprise! I flew in last night.”

His cheery tone only made me angrier. Didn’t he notice the steam coming out of my ears? “You flew . Of course you did. You fly across the country and back on a whim like it’s nothing.”

“Well, I don’t have to keep up appearances and rattle around on trains like someone I know.” He smiled coyly as if his words were a clever joke.

“You think I do it just for PR?”

Finally, a hint of insecurity made it into his gleeful expression. He frowned.

Jamie stepped to the side, probably thinking I needed privacy to deal with Gary. I

grabbed his elbow and tugged him close.

Gary's eyes flicked to Jamie and back to me.

"What are you doing, Morton? Is flaunting a new conquest your way to spice it up between us?"

Was he delusional? I could feel Jamie tensing up against me. That wouldn't do.

"There is no relationship," I told my omega firmly. "I used to meet up with Gary casually and canceled our last date when I found out you were single. The last time I saw him was four weeks ago."

"I believe you," Jamie said. But he looked nervous, even a little afraid.

"Are you breaking up with me after I flew all the way here?" Gary cried.

I glared at him. "We were never together. Obviously, you don't even know me! You flew here without an invitation, and you're making my Jamie uncomfortable. We're done."

He spluttered. "Your Jamie? Isn't this gray mouse your assistant?"

That did it. I had to get rid of him fast if I didn't want to end up arrested for assault.

"Get out of my sight!" I roared.

Gary must have finally realized he had crossed a line because he jumped out of the way when I led Jamie past him.

"Your Jamie, huh?" my omega muttered as we neared the parking lot.

“Well...”

He paused on the curb, facing me. He didn't look mad, which was a relief. His smirk even seemed a little playful. “Your assistant Jamie? Your new conquest Jamie? Your baby daddy Jamie?”

“I'm hoping for more than that.”

“Are you?”

“Yes.”

Jamie lifted his eyebrows expectantly.

I cleared my throat. “I've been in love with you since forever. Nobody could compare to you in my eyes. And yes, I'd like you to be only mine. My omega, my lover, my partner, maybe someday my husband?”

Jamie's lips twitched. “Your husband.”

“Yes.”

“Then you'd have to propose to me. Someday. Preferably not right after a showdown with a crazy ex of yours.”

“He's not even an ex. Even so, I'm sorry about that, Jamie.”

He sighed. “I'll live.”

I decided then and there that my Jamie would be on the receiving end of the most romantic proposal ever.

Ideas were already running amok in my head. He liked beaches, but it would be winter soon, so I'd have to take him somewhere south. On a train. Wouldn't it be symbolic to propose on a train? We were going back in a few days. I could buy a ring here in the city and propose on the train ride back...

I tightened my grip on Jamie's back and kissed his temple.

At the hotel, I drew him a bath and ordered room service. The recovery symptoms must have been worsening because he was pale and had dark circles under his eyes. But he gave me a happy smile as he submerged himself in bubbles.

"I hate to kick you out, Mr. Hartley, but you have work to do."

"My omega is more important."

"More important than the future of renewable energy in our country?"

I didn't hesitate. "Yes."

Jamie quirked one eyebrow. "I call bullshit. Besides, this omega wants a livable climate for future generations. The conference starts in twenty hours. Go. Work. I'll join you in a bit."

"No way. I'll go, but you're not doing anything while you're recovering. You're on paid leave until the end of the week."

"Really? Was HR notified?"

"Don't make me fire you," I shot back.

Jamie squinted. "You wouldn't dare. You'd be lost without me."

That was true in more ways than he realized. I pressed a kiss to his nose. “Rest, darling.”

“Okay,” he murmured, sinking deeper into the bubbles. He must have been more tired than he let on because he would have never given up so easily otherwise.

I did my best to keep my nerves at bay as I went through my notes for the keynote.

The real decisions would be made behind closed doors, in meetings held after the main presentations, but the Prime Minister and the Minister of Energy and Natural Resources would attend the keynote address.

Mistakes were not allowed if I wanted to be taken seriously in the subsequent negotiations.

Jamie appeared after a while, wearing a terrycloth robe. His wet hair curled at the tips, and his cheeks were pink. He stepped behind the armchair, put his hands on my shoulders, and kneaded my muscles.

“Do you want me to go through the Q&A with you?” he asked.

“You should be resting.”

He walked around and settled on his side on the sofa facing me. “I’m rested and a little bored even. We could come up with another reward system.”

Against my will, I perked up. “Yeah?”

“You answer all fourteen questions, and I’ll suck your cock.”

He winked, and I burst out laughing. “We really threw the ethics of this work

relationship out the window.”

Smiling, Jamie shrugged. “Yep. Around the time you impregnated me. So, do we have a deal?”

I handed him my laptop with the questions and my notes. “We have a deal.”

He pointed a finger at me. “Before we began, a reminder, Mr. Hartley. Simple words, short sentences. Politicians are not climate scientists.”

“I know.”

“Okay. Ready?”

“Shoot.”

“Would a large-scale use of renewable energy sources cause massive power outages, like what happened two weeks ago in Spain?”

I launched into explanations, and Jamie listened, interrupting me when he wanted me to simplify something.

“They’re not entirely stupid,” I defended.

“You yourself have claimed that most people are, in fact, very stupid. But even if they weren’t, half of the room will be asleep before you finish that sentence. Remember the time you talked to those high schoolers? Answer the questions just like that.”

“These are government officials, Jamie.”

“Exactly. Talk to them like you would to bored, self-centered teenagers, and it’s in the bag.”

Sadly, he had a point.

It took three hours, but we went through every detail. I was just about to ask if I deserved that blow job now, but Jamie’s stomach growled.

“How about I take you out for dinner?”

He smiled, obviously pleased with the suggestion, but shook his head. “When I can sit on a chair again, yes. But tonight, let’s order room service.”

“You’re sore.”

“It’s fine. The recovery will be over in a few days. But I am hungry.”

Jamie craved meat, so we had steak for dinner, which he ate lying sideways on the sofa like a Roman emperor at a feast.

“Time for dessert,” he announced when I set the cutlery aside.

“I don’t know about you, but I’m full.”

He stood and crossed the carpet before lowering himself to his knees. Without another word, he unzipped my pants and mouthed my cock through my boxer briefs.

“Oh. You meant...”

Wrapping his lips around my cockhead, he hummed.

With rewards like this, my work efficiency would be through the roof.

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Source Creation Date: July 30, 2025, 9:10 am

JAMIE

Morton had excelled in front of the tough crowd, as always.

I wasn't allowed into the private meetings, which was good because after sitting on a chair during the keynote, my ass was killing me.

I watched the joint press conference with the Prime Minister on the news, and it looked like it went well.

Morton returned late, exhausted but happy. He fell asleep in my arms, with his mouth around my nipple.

The next day, we woke up to headlines like Morton Hartley Will Rebuild National Grid and New Era of Renewable Energy Has a Name: Morton Hartley .

I was so proud of my man. Yes, Morton was my man .

During the following few days, it really sank in.

As soon as I was recovered enough, he took me with him to all the parties and introduced me as his partner to everybody and their uncle.

The tabloids were having a field day, but we were too happy to care about that.

One of the online articles showed a photo of me by Morton's side at the closing gala of the conference. In the picture, he was saying something to a reporter, and I gazed

up at him, all starry-eyed.

Lord, I had it so bad that the entire country could see.

At least the recovery was over now. We would soon be heading for the train station, and I fully intended to spend the majority of the train ride home with Morton's dick inside me.

This time, the four days on the train didn't feel daunting at all. I couldn't wait to be cozied up in the crammed little carriage, with nothing else to do but fuck and cuddle.

The porter left our bags in the front coupé, and we waited politely until the sliding door closed behind him. The next second, Morton was tearing at my clothes.

"Off. All of this, off. I don't want you to wear anything until we arrive."

"And if we want to have dinner in the skyline car, am I supposed to go naked too?"

He only growled in response. I helped him to unbutton my shirt and unzip my pants. He pushed me through the open door into the left bedroom, and I flopped on the bed with a gasp.

It felt so different to have him inside me outside of heat. It was less intense physically, but not being overwhelmed with arousal and multiple orgasms meant there was room in my brain for other things—beautiful, profound things, more important than simple lust.

Morton moved slowly, gazing at my face in earnest, and I got transfixed by the emotion in his eyes.

"You really love me, don't you?" I asked.

He smiled crookedly and rubbed his nose against mine. “Jamie, I adore you. Always have.”

He didn’t let me reply. Instead, he kissed me and thrust harder, sending sparks through my guts.

All these years, he’s been in love with me .

A part of me was frustrated about the wasted time, but then again, maybe I wouldn’t have appreciated him as he deserved, had I not been through a few failed relationships first.

I lifted my legs higher and hooked them around his back. I wanted to feel the weight of his body.

We came together in a long and peaceful climax, our groans of pleasure muffled in a deep kiss. I hadn’t yet told him I loved him back, but I didn’t want him to think I only said it because he did. I’d wait for the right moment.

We did put on clothes eventually. The second night on the train, Morton asked me to get dressed and go to the skyline car with him.

“It’s eleven already,” I said. “Aren’t they closed?”

“Nah. Not today.”

I was tempted to double-check the information folder we’d received with our tickets, but Morton told me to trust him. Worst case, we’d just come back.

We made our way through the narrow corridor of a sleeping car along a row of closed coupés. Morton went first and waited for me by the sliding door to the skyline car.

It looked empty, with subdued lighting.

“Are you sure...” I never finished the sentence.

The car was indeed empty, except for one server and one set table. A burning candle and a bucket with a chilled bottle sat in the middle.

The server wordlessly opened the bottle and poured us each a glass of bubbly. He uncovered a fancy cheese plate, nodded at us politely, and withdrew.

“Did you book the entire car?” I whisper-shouted. “Just to have a late-night snack?”

Morton grinned, all smug. “It wasn’t such a big deal. They do close at eleven, so it was just a matter of convincing them to keep it open for us for one more hour. The server is getting a good tip, I promise. Oh, and the wine is low on alcohol. One small glass is fine for you.”

We clinked glasses, and I sipped the arguably excellent wine. Then I eyed the cheeses. I was partial to English cheddar, which Morton knew.

“This looks amazing. Thank you.”

“Glad you approve.” To my confusion, he blew out the candle, then pointed upward. “The sky is clear, great weather for stargazing.”

I glanced up and gasped.

Above the glass roof, the universe opened in all its incredible vastness. I could distinguish even the tiny flickering stars among the big ones. A thin line flashed across the sky, too quick for me to be sure if it was a comet or not, but maybe if I waited longer...

A warm hand touched my arm. Half expecting the waiter, I turned my head to the side, only to see Morton kneeling there.

Kneeling .

He gazed at me with intent, wearing the same determined expression he had in meetings to cover his nervousness.

My heart hammered against my ribcage.

He took a breath and grabbed my hand in both of his.

“Maybe it would be wise to wait. But for what? I already know nobody will ever compare to you. I love you, Jamie. And it feels so good to finally say it out loud. I love you.”

I couldn't say anything through the lump in my throat, but I didn't have to because Morton wasn't done.

“You know me. You know every humiliating detail that I have tried to hide from the rest of the world. You know my every weakness and every mistake I've made. If you want me despite all of that, is it conceited of me to hope you'll say yes?”

I shook my head, my eyes burning. Not conceited at all. Despite all his success and wealth, Morton had a better grip on his ego than any alpha I'd ever met.

“Will you marry me, Jamie? Will you be my husband and have a family with me?”

I nodded like a bobblehead. I tried to say yes, but it came out as a little squeak.

Morton looked confused but hopeful, so I squeezed his hand back before reaching for

my glass. I took a gulp, then cleared my throat.

“Yes,” I said.

His face lit up with a breathtaking smile. He fumbled for his jacket pocket and pulled out a gold band, a simple one, nothing gaudy, because he really did know me well, just like I knew him.

Hell, we’d been kind of married already, except without all the fun parts.

He slid the ring on my finger and stared at my hand for a moment. Caressing it, he sighed.

“I still can’t believe you’re finally mine, Jamie.”

“I love you.” There. This was a great moment to finally say the three words.

Morton’s eyes widened, and he seemed a little surprised, poor guy. But of course, I loved him. What did he think? Cupping his cheek, I leaned in to kiss him on his parted lips.

“Now get up, you’re ruining your pants.”

“They’re just pants.”

“But I like your ass in these.”

That made him chuckle. Not letting go of my hand, he moved back to the chair facing me and interlaced our fingers on the table.

“Should we light the candle for a bit?” I asked. “I want to see your face.”

Morton waved at the server, who lit the candle before leaving us alone. I appreciated that he didn't hover. I could easily forget about him even being here.

I gazed at my Mr. Hartley, my fiancé, and...

I groaned. "Shit."

Morton frowned, startled by my outburst. "What is it?"

"I've been engaged to two different men in one year. I'm one of those people."

He exhaled, then his lips twitched. "What kind of people?"

"You know, crazy reality show stars and... I don't know. It's weird."

"Is it? Are you changing your mind already?"

"No. That would be two broken-off engagements in one year. That's even worse."

Laughing merrily, Morton lifted his glass in a cheers gesture. "I sincerely hope this second engagement is the last one for the rest of your life."

I grinned back. "Okay. Let's focus on that."

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“Jamie!”

“I’m coming.”

I could hear the eye roll in Jamie’s tone through the open door. It was late, wasn’t it? I half expected him to tell me off for staying at the office after hours, but when he walked in, he was smiling sweetly. “Yes, sir?”

My omega had the patience of a saint, and just seeing him made me breathe easier. “I can’t find the West Net contract, and I want to check something. Where is it?”

Not taking his eyes off me, Jamie opened a drawer in the sorting cabinet next to my desk.

“It’s where it should be, together with all the other signed contracts of ongoing projects.

You have the encrypted digital version among your personal files on the cloud, and the key passages our legal team commented on are highlighted. ”

More often than not, it felt like I didn’t deserve him. “Oh. You’ve already done that? You’re incredible.”

“You’ll have enough time to look at it before the meeting tomorrow.”

I blew out a breath. He was right, as usual.

He closed the drawer and walked around the desk until he stood before me, his hands on his hips. The position made his growing belly protrude, and I couldn't help but stare at it. The curve fascinated me.

My mate. My pregnant omega. My Jamie.

“You look like you need decompressing, Mr. Hartley.”

We were a month away from our wedding, but he still called me that. He loved to tease me. The tone of his voice sent a frisson of arousal up my spine.

Jamie lowered himself into a crouch, his hands on my knees, and nuzzled my groin. I exhaled, my dick hard in an instant.

“It was you who said no sex during work hours,” I muttered, already knowing I'd let him do whatever he wanted.

He mouthed my dick through my slacks. “It's nearly seven, boss. Everybody on this floor is long gone.”

His sure hands moved up my thighs, then he swiftly unzipped my pants and fished my cock out. The wet warmth around my cockhead made me moan.

“Oh, Jamie...”

His lips slid up and down, the suction tightening. He was so damned good at this, and, Universe help me, but I loved that he did this to me at the office as I sat at my desk. I grabbed a fistful of his hair.

“I fucking love you, you know that?”

He hummed in agreement and sucked harder. My balls drew up already. He was

quick and purposeful, and I tumbled toward an orgasm at lightning speed. When he took my cockhead into his throat and swallowed, it was game over.

Jamie gulped down my cum, making yummy noises, while I trembled helplessly in my office chair.

Panting, I stared at him as he stood and slowly removed his jacket and shirt. The tight camisole he wore underneath was light pink with padded cups to conceal his big, erotic nipples.

With his eyes on my lips, he slowly slid the straps down his shoulders, and his full pecs popped free.

They were gorgeous, round with an abundance of milk and blooming with a flush of arousal.

Jamie's nipples were hard, sticking out, begging for attention.

The dark-pink teats looked huge on his slender torso, and I adored that it was all my doing. They had grown to fit my greedy mouth.

Jamie hid them from the world, covering them with specialized underwear, but to me, he showed them with lusty intent. If there was a part of his body that was more mine than his, it was his tits. I loved them. I coveted them. Saliva pooled in my mouth at the sight of his beautiful chest.

I lifted my arms to tug him to me, but he sidestepped my attempt.

“Jamie...”

He smirked knowingly. “Patience, Mr. Hartley.”

Leaning on my desk with one hand, he removed his shoes and socks with the other. Then he undid his belt and let his pants pool around his feet.

I gasped.

Under his protruding belly peeked out the most outrageous pair of panties I'd ever seen.

Jamie's hard cock was cupped in a tiny triangle of sheer lace, held in place only by thin strings low on his hips.

He slowly turned around, pushing his ass out.

A neat little bow adorned the top of his crease and another string disappeared between his ass cheeks.

The barely there scrap of fabric concealed nothing of importance.

Together with Jamie's pregnant belly, the effect was mind-blowing.

"You've been wearing this the whole day?" I rasped.

"You like them?"

"Fucking hell, Jamie."

"I'll take that as a yes."

He straddled me in the chair, and my soft cock made a valiant attempt to rise again.

Jamie lifted his pecs with both hands.

“Will you suck my tits, Mr. Hartley?”

That did it. I was painfully hard anew when I mouthed Jamie’s left pec and sucked his nipple deep into my mouth.

He moaned when the milk began to flow. He had even more now as his pregnancy progressed.

We used the milking machine sometimes when we fucked, especially when Jamie wanted it long and hard from behind.

But most days, he nursed me. I could pretend that we had never sneaked in a quick nursing session between meetings, but it would have been a lie.

When my Jamie needed relief, I had to help him out, right?

Now he ground down on my erection, and I knew what he wanted. I smacked his ass cheeks, took his other nipple into my mouth, and sucked hard.

The letdown was peaking. When I let go and leaned back, Jamie’s pecs looked ready to burst as white milk dribbled from his glistening nipples.

I grabbed him by his ass, set him on the edge of my desk, and dragged the milk-stained camisole over his head. I wanted to see his tits jiggle when I fucked him hard. Pushing the string of his panties aside, I drove into his wet hole, and he threw his head back.

“Fuck, yes!”

“You’re so naughty. Walking around the office in a G-string.”

“I hoped... aah... to seduce my boss.”

“Task accomplished. Consider me utterly seduced.”

I sped up, making his ass smack wetly around my cock. After he made me come, I could last longer. His pecs shook, drops of milk flying around. Damn, he was so hot. Stunning.

I sank into him to the root and bent over to suck some more of his milk. He pushed his chest out and rocked against me, grinding on my cock.

“I’m glad you don’t seem so stressed anymore,” he said breathlessly, then moaned when I sucked harder.

As stress relief went, sex with Jamie was a blessing.

We were discreet in front of my employees and always kept our behavior professional—they’d never even witnessed a chaste kiss on the cheek. But everybody knew we were engaged, and Jamie’s stomach was now impossible to conceal.

Some well-meaning friends had expressed concern that if we kept working together, it might affect our relationship, but we weren’t worried.

I loved having Jamie by my side, and he said he loved working with me—even the actual work, and not just the perks on a Friday night, when everybody had already left.

“You are... the naughty one, Mr. Hartley.”

I growled into his chest before switching sides again.

“Mmm. Yes. Suck it harder...”

I obeyed, and Jamie rewarded me with a sweet cry and a thick spray of milk into my

throat. When he spoke next, his words were garbled.

“How is it... to fuck your assistant... over your desk?”

I licked his nipples, pulled out of his hole, and tugged him onto his feet before turning him around. He braced himself with his hands on my desk. The string between his ass cheeks was soaked with slick. I dragged the panties down and spanked each rosy ass cheek a couple of times.

“Love fucking my assistant. And it’ll only get better once he’s my husband.”

I filled him again, and Jamie sank to his elbows, shoving my laptop aside.

“Harder, please, sir.”

Punching my hips forward, I gave him what he asked for. It seemed he couldn’t speak anymore. After a few thrusts, his hole clamped up on my dick as his joyous cries filled the office, and a familiar sense of pride filled my chest.

My Jamie was feeling good.

I made him come three times. Toward the end, he rocked back and forth, his elbows sliding in a puddle of milk on my desk, and the sounds coming from his chest were hoarse and animalistic. I drove my cock as deep as I could, pushing against the mouth to his womb, and let the ecstasy swallow me.

The orgasm faded slowly, and my legs gave up. Slipping out from Jamie’s body, I sat back in my chair.

Jamie’s ass was a sight for the gods. Ass cheeks reddened, hole gaping open, rim puffy, slick and cum drooling out.

I grabbed him by his waist and drew him into my lap.

I was still mostly dressed, sweating in my suit and tie, but it wouldn't be the first time my pants got stained during hot sex with my omega.

"That was amazing," Jamie mumbled, snuggling into my arms. After a proper reaming, he got all mellow and cuddly. It was adorable.

"You fuck like a god," he added.

"Do I?"

"Uh-huh. I'm a lucky man to be marrying you next month."

"Jamie, darling, you have no idea."

He looked up at me, his glassy eyes blinking sleepily.

"About what?"

I stroked his pregnant belly and pressed a kiss to his temple. "I feel like the luckiest bastard on the planet every time you simply walk into the room."

His smile shone like a supernova.

"So you're not stressing about the contract anymore?" he asked.

I shook my head. "Not in the least bit. It can wait. But you, my darling fiancé, seem tired. Let's go home, and I'll draw you a bath."

A lingering kiss.

“I love you, Morton,” he whispered against my lips.

THE END